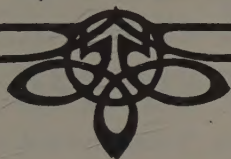


THE INTERNATIONAL Socialist Review

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MEXICO'S
PEON-SLAVES
PREPARING FOR
REVOLUTION

John Murray

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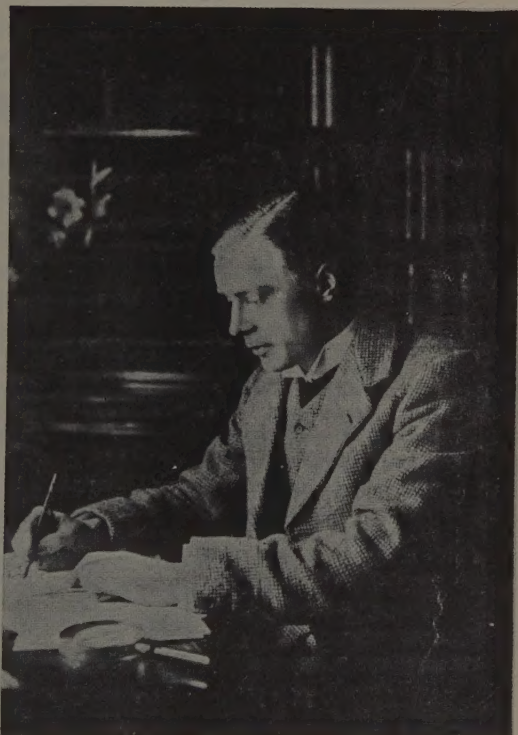
SOCIALISM AND
LABOR IN
GREAT BRITAIN

Victor Grayson

==

A PICKPOCKET

Mary E. Marcy



Victor Grayson.

The International Socialist Review

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST THOUGHT

EDITED BY CHARLES H. KERR

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No. 9

Mexico's Peon-Slaves Preparing for Revolution

BY JOHN MURRAY

The third uprising of the Liberal Party failed but another is preparing in Mexico that will not be so easily snuffed out by President Diaz and his "partners," so asserts the writer of this article, John Murray, who saw Mexico a few months ago in the fever-heat of revolt. With credentials from the revolutionary leaders he traveled from one Liberal Party group to another and was shown by them the underside of Mexico—the Mexico that President Diaz hides from view and guards with guns in hourly fear that it may rise and end his dictatorship.—EDITOR.



THE warm clasp of Tom's hand tempted me to talk—in a moment, and my loose tongue let slip enough to give hint of my errand to Mexico. Now Tom Hart was the last man that I should have supposed would show the white feather—a bear hunter, mind you, and grizzlies at that.

"Look here, Bud," he spoke with a down-drop of his eyes that was new to me, "don't be so foolish as to rub the President's hair the wrong way. You don't know Mexico—it's prison or death down here. You're fooled if you think for a moment that this is the United States. Why, I have seen a bunch of rurales ride into a village before sun-up, where things were not going to suit the Diaz government, and call out the whole population, line 'em up and shoot down every tenth man. No trials. Nothing. That's Mexico. And don't you go for to stand on your dignity as an American citizen, thinking that you're safer than a native to speak your mind free. I've seen Americans—yes, and there's three of 'em right now in the prison of San Juan de Ulua—who might just as well be Es-



POLITICAL PRISONERS HELD IN THE UNITED STATES.

MANUEL SARABIA,
Second Vocal of the Junta.
R. FLORES MAGON,
President of the Junta.

LIBRADO RIVERA,
First Vocal of the Junta.
ANTONIO I. VILLARREAL,
Secretary of the Junta.

quimaux for all the protection that their nationality gives 'em. For God's sake, old man"—Tom's pleading startled me, for if he were possessed of such a crushing fear of Diaz what chance had I to escape contagion?—"don't do anything to offend the Mexican government."

"It's too late, Tom, I'm into it now—up to my neck. You never held back when we were after the big-footed grizzly that killed our cattle in the pines back of the Loma Pelon ranch. The game I am after now is news—the true story of Mexico's sandaled-footed burden-bearers and their nearness to revolt."

For several minutes he said nothing, and the grind of the car wheels got on my nerves. We were racking through that strip of sandy desert which lies between the Rio Grande and the fertile cattle ranges of General Terrasaz' eight-million-acre ranch. Would he never speak? It was hot to suffocation and I made a motion as if to rise from the seat, but his hand checked me.

"How are you going to do it, Bud? What's your plan?"

I had to think for a moment before answering. From now on until, I recrossed the line back into the United States, I must trust people

—people whom I had never seen before, whose native tongue was not my tongue, and whose lives would be in my hands, as mine would be in theirs. So why should I not trust my old partner, although he was not a member of the Mexican Liberal Party?"

The cars seats next to us were vacant—I made certain of this with a glance—and opening my check book I extracted from a slit in the cover a thin, closely written sheet of paper, dated from the Los Angeles county jail, which was to pass me through forbidden paths in Mexico. Tom read my introduction to the revolutionists, slowly, from the first word to the last:

"El portador del presente documento es el Sr. John Murray, periodista Americano de avancados ideales—" being the first line, and winding up with—"su hermano que no desmayo.
R. FLORES MAGON."

Refolding the letter he handed it back to me without a word and I rebedded it securely in the leather cover of my check book.

"Tom, you've heard of Magon, the leader of the Liberal Party?" I dropped the sound of my voice to the last notch and the answer came back in the same key:

"Every peon in Mexico knows him, Bud. He's worshipped next to Juarez—but he's got no chance. If it was Texans, now, that were coming over the border, I'd say 'yes' and oil my rifle with the rest, but however willing these poor Mexicans are to fight, I've got just one question to ask, and that's a corker: 'where's the guns?'"

"Well, Tom, maybe the guns are coming. I know that preparation——." With a quick, upward motion of his finger Tom signified silence as the train came to a sudden stop and three Mexican officials entered the far end of the car.

I was dumb.

"Open your baggage for inspection," called out the first of the three. The last man in this uniformed bunch gave silent emphasis to the demand by shifting his carbine from one hand to the other. He was a rurale with sugar-loafed sombrero, gray-coated, grim.

Pulling my suit-case out from under the seat I unlocked it and threw back the lid. There was nothing inside to make me nervous; that I had made certain of before leaving my hotel room at El Paso. Every scrap of paper that might give a clue to my purpose in Mexico had been carefully burnt, all—except the one thin sheet hidden in the lining of my check book

I watched what happened to the other passengers whose turns for an overhauling came before mine.

A pink-faced American boy of twenty, whose Dunlap-shaped Derby

labeled him from New York, began a sputter of high-keyed protests as the Mexican custom house inspectors pulled pearl-handled revolver, belt and cartridges from the rich youth's valise and passed it to the rurale.

"Arms are not allowed in Mexico," was the beginning and end of their explanation.

Tom first grunted in disgust and then leaned back upon the cushions until his head nearly touched mine.

"Say"—his lips barely moved and the sound of his voice carried no further than my ear—"that small-headed boy don't seem to know that Mexico's already loaded. It's the rurales and police, carbines and revolvers, from Sonora to Yucatan. Diaz holds Mexico at the point of a gun."

A man in uniform ran his hand through my kit. The contents of a parcel in one corner was not clear to him and he ripped a hole in the paper and asked the question:

"Camisas?"

"Three shirts," I replied, and rearranged my rumpled luggage as the guardians of the customs left the car.

The train moved slowly out of Ciudad Juarez and I felt easier. If the Furlong Detective Agency, which had been following the members of the Mexican Junta all over the United States, already knew of my connection with the enemies of Diaz, the most likely place to hold me up would have been at the border, but now I was safely over the line.

Many dust-laden miles flew by the train as my old partner turned his ten years' knowledge of Mexico inside out for my benefit. He dropped off that night at Chihuahua to strike back with his pack-train into the Sierra Madres.

On the morning of the third day there was a change sudden and startling. Dust, glare, alkali and desert, all had disappeared and in their stead had come the wet, warm heat of recent showers, with rushing streams banked by terraced gardens. The train was running rapidly through the fields of San Juan del Rio, four hours from the City of Mexico.

Seated opposite, on the leather-padded cushions of the Pullman's smoking room, sat a barrel-of-a-man from Kansas. He pointed a fat, white fore-finger through the open car window at an object moving slowly across the brown, moist field.

"Look!" His exclamation was one of disgust. "See that peon in the field yonder? He's plowing with a one-handled, wooden-pointed plow dragged by a pair of oxen with the yoke strapped to their horns. Why, such things belong to the time of Christ! I'll bet that white-robed, big-hatted scarecrow is not turning the soil three inches deep."



PEON WITH WOODEN PLOW.

"See that peon in the field yonder? He's plowing with a wooden-handled, wooden-pointed plow dragged by a pair of oxen with yokes strapped to their horns."

A voice behind me answered him sharply:

"And suppose he was runnin' a steam plow, what then? Could you and I come into Mexico and play the Lord-Almighty in the way we do? No, sir, It's just this sort of thing that makes it possible for us to keep these people down."

It was the unmistakable nasal twang of a Yankee, and I turned to size him up. Six feet tall, dressed in a linen suit and thin to a degree that made his weight a matter of bones, not meat, he seemed as unlike anything Mexican as could be found in the tropics. Dropping into the seat beside me he opened the way to conversation.

"Lookin' for land or mines?"

"No, neither; just seeing the country," I replied, and then adding cautiously, "for pleasure."

Plainly doubting the probability of anyone's coming to Mexico except to make money, the man stretched his long legs a foot or so further in front of him and was silent for the space of two minutes. Then he tried another pry at the lid covering my mystery.

"Tobacco-prices 'bout struck bottom. Market's cornered here same as in United States."

"You grow tobacco?" I politely asked.

"No, cane." And then feeling sure that I was merely an extra cau-

tious investor who must be shown the absolute certainty of big profits before I would loosen up, the hatchet-faced, bean-pole of a man began to give me glimpses of golden opportunities.

"The land here is productive beyond anything dreamed of in the States,"—I nodded assent—"but the real gold mine is the native labor. You're not opposed to 'contract labor,' are you?"

He leaned forward and studied my face.

"Why, not if it pays," I slowly answered.



A "CONTRACT LABORER."

"In Mexico you can buy more labor for less money than any place in the world."

With a look of relief and pleased appreciation of my viewpoint, he lowered his voice to a confidential pitch, saying, impressively, "All wealth comes from labor (this startled me a bit, for it sounded like the commencement of a socialist speech), and here, in Mexico, you can buy more labor for less money than any place in the world. It's a gold mine for those who know how to work it."

Seeing my opportunity to draw him out I expressed some doubts. "Yes, but wages are going up, even here in Mexico, and I've heard of strikes——"

He laid his bony hand on my arm. "Don't you think it. The Mexican government has warned all employers not to raise wages—and a warning from Diaz means an order."

We looked at each other in silence; he studying me closely, and I covered my real feelings with the air of a business man wary as to investments.

Apparently satisfied, he went on, "You people of the States are so dominated by labor unions that you can't realize what freedom is till you get into Mexico.

Why, here the police think no more of allowing agitators to run around loose than they would mad dogs. Diaz cleaned out the last of 'em some months ago. They're either over the border or in prison. That fellow Magon—maybe you know where he is?"

I looked the question.

"No? Well, he's in jail in Los Angeles. He was the worst. Those of his miserable followers that were caught alive in Mexico—it's seldom they are caught alive—are now in the prison of San Juan de Ulua, the military camps of Yucantan, or in the Valle Nacional. Mexican law cuts to the bone."

I showed small interest in what became of those disturbers of the Government, and the canegrower returned to the strictly business side of the question.

"You see, the Mexican peon has no hope of ever owning a foot of land or saving a 'centavo,' and consequently Mexico gives the greatest



MEXICAN MAN-HORSE.

"You people in the States are so dominated by labor unions that you can't realize what freedom is until you get into Mexico."

opportunities on earth to reap a harvest from labor. It's practically only the cost of their keep that we calculate upon. The little money that goes out in wages all comes immediately back to the hacienda stores. Last year our store cleaned up \$15,000 for us and we've never had more than \$5,000 worth of merchandise on its shelves."

Following his lead of money talk I warmed up to the trade possibilities of the country and put a question to him:

"I am told that you can buy gangs of peons from the government, and that it pays?"

His face took on the shadow of a grin.

"Well, you might as well get it straight before you settle in Mexico. We do not buy this forced labor directly from the government, but we do pay from thirty to forty dollars a head for it—to contractors. In many cases these contractors are also the 'Jefe Políticos' or political heads of their districts. Take my advice—always stand in with the Jefe Político. He's 'the man behind the gun' in this country."

The fat man from Kansas had been listening and the picture of peonage drawn by the cane-planter seemed to have made a bad impression. He wagged his head slowly from side to side, and finally asked a hesitating question.

"All this may be profitable for a time, but don't you think it will lead to an uprising?"

"Uprising!" the planter fairly snarled a protest. "Uprising when there are over sixty thousands troops distributed over the nine military zones in Mexico! Let me tell you that the army is given President Díaz's personal attention. It was only last week that the papers printed news of the completion in the arms factory of Newhauser, Switzerland, of the 3,000 automatic rifles invented by General Mondragon, and if they prove as effective as they are said to be, the entire army will be furnished with them."

"That's the trouble; its despotic," objected the man from Kansas. "I'm told there's not been a popular election in Mexico for over thirty years."

"No, thank God," rasped out the Yankee planter, "there's not been one—not one. Think, man! what would happen to Díaz, cheap labor, and our interests, if the Mexican peon was allowed to vote?"

Black clouds gathered against the mountains and as the City of Mexico was reached the deluge broke.

A sandal-footed, brass-tagged "cargador" seized my bags and carried them from the Pullman's steps to a blue-flagged coach.

I kept my face glued to the carriage window and asked myself this question: "Mexico, Mexico, Mexico is—what?" The answer seemed to

rise from the passing throng of bent-backed, human burden bearers, "Mexico is a land of cargadores."

With leather thongs passed across their foreheads and around their heads, cargadores carrying as much as three hundred pounds, trotted by without a stumble. And in the steps of these men followed the women and children likewise loaded.

In no other country in the world does the human back so stagger under a dead weight as here in Mexico.

Arriving at the hotel in front of the Alameda, I went immediately to my room, locked the door and got out my list of addresses in cipher. It was a wearisome task to figure them out, one by one, but I dared not run the risk of being taken by the police and having them find names of Mexican revolutionists given me by the Junta in Los Angeles—that would mean prison for all. One person in Mexico in particular had been recommended to me by Magón. I would see him first.

On the street corner I caught a boy. For "cinco centavos" he would guide me to the "Calle Misericordia." (Let it be understood that the real names of people and of streets do not appear in these writings, where the life of a member of the Liberal Party in Mexico would be jeopardized.) We pushed through the evening crowd of home-going artisans, clerks and laborers. Venders of cakes and candies, their wares piled perilously high on oblong wooden trays poised on their heads, threaded their way through the throng without a mis-step or collision. Sellers of an endless variety of fried foods fed the passers by, their sizzling little stoves sending out a stream of strong odors from many doorways.

The lottery-ticket sellers were out, and on every block men, women and boys shook their paper fortunes enticingly in my face, crying out the number of thousand "pesos" that might be won from the Loteria Nacional for the quick payment of a few "centavos."

Gamble. Why not? The government licenses it, the "pulque" shops incite it, and the average wage of the city workman being not over sixty "centavos" a day (you must divide this in half to get its value in American money), it must be plain that the only road of escape from gutter-poverty is the barest possible, hazy chance of a successful gamble. The city government has suppressed all other gambling with an iron hand. No mine in the Western Hemisphere can hold a candle to the wealth that flows daily into the hands of the government's partners—the lottery lords of Mexico.

Wrapped in a raincoat I followed my guide through the crowds that jammed the narrow sidewalks. Beggars there were a plenty, blind beggars, led by boys who, grasping the wrists of their sightless charges,



OLD AGE AND POVERTY.

"The Mexican peon has no hope of ever owning a foot of land or saving a centavo."

forced their upturned palms into the faces of the passers by; old beggars, standing or squatting in front of the churches, and with whining, musical voices holding out their hands for dole.

At the entrance of a court in the poor quarter of the town, my guide stopped. This was the number of the house that I had asked for in the "Calle Misericordia."

I paid him his five coppers and he disappeared into the darkness.

Under the archway, by the light of a small lamp, I could see a family bedding themselves down for the night on the stone-flagged floor of the passageway, all unconscious that passers by to the second story must walk through their midst.

Climbing the stone stairway I knocked at the first door twice, and at the last rap the one whom I had come to see stood before me.

If all Mexico loved Ricardo Flores Magon, Magon loved this man beyond all others in Mexico. Broad-shouldered, curly-headed and almost cat-like in the grace of his firm, agile movements, the grasp of his hand sent confidence and enthusiasm through my veins.

He read my letter slowly to the end, turned to me with a smile almost womanly in its sweetness, and welcomed me to Mexico. "Friend of my friends, how is Ricardo?"

I gave him the latest news from across the border and he plunged immediately into the Mexican situation.

"Senor, one month from today you must be out of Mexico back into the United States, for the way may be blocked. You know the reason why?"

I gave him the date set for the uprising as it had been told to me.

"Yes," he solemnly asserted, "the anniversary of the massacre of the patriots of Vera Cruz."

I told him of the methods of handling peon labor, as related by the American on the train.

He clinched his fists until the nails bit into his palms. "Why did he not call things by their right names, this Yankee planter? We still have slaves in Mexico. Over half the population, eight million souls, sweat under this system of peonage. The law is a dead-letter and the debts of the fathers are transferred to the sons. Once in debt always in debt; such is Mexican peonage."

"And will they revolt?" My question was well timed.

He stopped in his stride and came close to me, thrilling. "Wait 'till you have seen this city with its poverty-stricken people packed like maggots in every nook and cranny of the poor quarters of the town. Wait 'till you have read the police reports showing that three-fourths of the city's dead are buried in paupers' graves. Wait 'till you have gone south through the Valle Nacional, into which forty thousand Mexican working people have disappeared in the last few years, driven like cattle into the jungle—men and women—to furnish the tobacco planters with labor for the feeding. Wait 'till you have seen our overflowing prisons, the factories of Rio Blanco, where nearly a hundred men, women and children were shot down but a few months ago for protesting against a reduction of wages. I was there; I saw it, and the facts are not denied. Wait, I say, until you have seen a small fraction of all that has been stirring Mexico to a seething mass of hate, fear and desperation, and then, believe me, you will acknowledge that this country is as certain to overthrow the government of Diaz as water is to run down hill!"

"But have you the organization? Have you the guns to grapple with Diaz and his army of sixty thousand men?"

His answer came in fierce, short sentences: "Arms! I would give my life for them. Yet some have already been secreted and more are on their way from abroad. As for the army of Diaz poof,"—he blew through his fingers, significantly, "they will turn to our side at the first opportunity. You have not seen our army? Ah! it will remind you of the chain gangs common in your country. A Mexican soldier is a prisoner, sentenced to serve a term in the ranks, and the barracks of Mexico are mere penitentiaries. Do you know what a soldier of Diaz is paid? No? I will tell you—eight and a half cents a day. And from this he must feed himself and his family. Is it any wonder that he drinks, that he smokes marihauna, a drug much worse than opium, in order to forget his fate?"

He looked at me intently, studying the effect of his arguments and

reading my mind, added one thing more, most startling in its suggestiveness:

"There is also a general. Is that enough?"

I nodded assent, eager to ask him more, but he suddenly held up his hand for silence and turning towards the door, snapped out a question like a pistol shot.

"Speak! Who is it?"

A woman had come into the room as soundless as a ghost, and was waiting for him to notice her.

"Herbierto, it is I; they will be waiting. It is time for you to go." Her voice was like deep water running over stones, a cooling melody.

Grasping my hand, he led me towards the graceful, black-eyed woman. "This is Senora Moreno; her husband and little son were shot in the great strike at the Rio Blanco mills. She is one of the best workers in the revolutionary group that meets tonight. Come, you shall go with us and see some Mexican patriots."

It was while crossing the Plaza de la Lagunilla that I first noticed the gendarmes' lantern lit and standing in the middle of the street-crossing—the lantern that shines throughout the night all over Mexico.

The first lantern I barely glanced at—the gendarme with his revolver standing in the shadow, I did not see—but when another, and another, and another in the center of the center of all the main street-crossings flashed their signal lights back and forth, I saw the point. It was the military eye of Diaz burning in the night for fear the revolution might slip up and catch him in the dark.

Nothing shows the cat-watchfulness of Diaz more than this. He is always on his guard, for he knows that the revolutionists are sleepless; that their plotting never stops, night or day, and that if, for a time, they are beaten back into the mountains and the jungles it counts as a mere respite from the invincible bloody death-grip of the revolution. The Republic is practically under martial law.

"Tell him the story of the mill, Felicita. It may be hard to touch the wound, but it is for the good of the cause."

Thus abjured by Herbierto, the woman walking at my side broke silence.

"Before the gateway of the biggest mill in Mexico is camped today a regiment of soldiers."

"This is in Orizaba, the Manchester of Mexico, and the mill's name is Rio Blanco, the largest cotton-print mill in the whole world.

"Twelve acres are covered with the Rio Blanco's turning wheels, the very latest and most expensive machinery known to the manufacturers of cotton goods,



RIO BLANCO MILLS—THE SCENE OF THE MASSACRE.

"Troops were sent by President Diaz to drive the laborers back to work, and in this bloody 'drive' sixty-four men, three women, and four children were shot down."

"All this machinery comes from England—all except the Mexican military machinery furnished by President Porfirio Diaz and installed in front of the superintendent's office.

"The mill hands stream in and out between the ranks of soldiers, sullen and silent, with their faces turned from the guns to the ground. Their only hope of obtaining work is within the mill, where the men are paid thirty-five cents, the women twenty-seven cents, the children five and ten cents for a day of sixteen hours."

"Why are the soldiers there?"

"Because the mill hands did not always turn their faces from the guns.

"There was a strike. Troops were sent by President Diaz to drive the laborers back to work, and in this bloody 'drive' sixty-four men, three women and four children were shot down.

"After the dead were buried the widows and orphans returned to work in the factory, but they turn their faces to the ground as they daily pass between the ranks of soldiery."

There was not a tremor in the woman's voice, and yet I could have wept at her even-toned, impersonal telling of the tragedy. A dead child and a dead man—her man, her child—small things in the path of Diaz, but if this woman could have her way the President would pay for them with his life.

We turned into the mouth of a narrow street, cobbled from wall to wall. Herbierto knocked at a door. A window swung open above our heads and a voice called out, "Is that the doctor?"

"It is," answered Senora Moreno. "Is the child still sick?"

"Yes, come in quickly," replied the watcher, closing the window.

"A sick child——?" I questioned, as the door opened and we stumbled through the dark passageway.

"No," meaningly answered Herbierto. "A sick country, with the revolution as the only medicine."

And the woman added: "That was the pass word."

Around an oblong table in the room we entered sat two dozen men, as dissimilar in their appearance as their native land is varied, Mexico is half desert and half tropics and breeds its people small, light-skinned and still-tongued, or swarthy, heavy-boned and voluble, as unlike each other as sand and sage brush are to mountain torrents and black jungle-land.

"A friend from Los Angeles," explained Herbierto to the group watching me in surprised silence, but as he read my credentials from Magon their faces changed and when the signature was reached, a slim, black-eyed boy warmly grasped my hand, asking the question which seems to echo through Mexico:

"How is Ricardo?"

I gave them greetings from their imprisoned leader. He was their hero, their master-mind, whose years of unflinching struggle against the crushing powers of the Dictator had kept hope in Mexico alive; and in return I heard the news of the revolutionary movement.

The first to speak was the dark-eyed youth who had just greeted me. "You should have seen what I saw, Herbierto." ("Listen to him," whispered my friend, "he's a cavalry officer stationed with his troop at the Cuartel Nuevo.") "This morning five hundred Yaquis, chained together were driven through the streets in the northeastern part of the city. To-night they are quartered in the Penitenciari and tomorrow they go south to the hot lands of Yucatan. Gaunt skeletons of men and women, covered with a few dirty cotton rags, it was an awful sight. And yet how he feared them—that commanding officer! Would you believe it! though the prisoners were in chains, the inside rank of the regiment surrounding them marched without arms. Four deep on every side, were the guards, but the soldier that walked next to a Yaqui dared not carry a gun for fear that the manacled Indian at his side might suddenly wrest the weapon from him."

An old man with a massive head and a great shock of hair that fell

upon his shoulders like a mane, rose from the shadowed corner of the room. He spoke slowly.

"Yes, I saw them; they are my people, and I ask you members of the Revolutionary Mexicana, when will you rise up as the Yaqui nation has done and fight the Butcher of Mexico?"

Into Herbierto's eyes there came a look first of amazement and then of sadness. He asked a quick question of the old Yaqui:

"How did you escape?"

"I escaped, but not as the Senor supposes, from among the prisoners in the Penitenciari. My escape was made two months ago from the hot lands of Yucatan. A pit of hell is Yucatan, where twenty thousand of my people have been sent to slavery and but five thousand of them remain alive today. Before I die I would again see Sonora, so two of us, feigning sickness, killed a guard with a stone and made our way north, traveling by night. Four days ago the Yaqui with me grew weak with fever and I left him hidden under the bushes while I searched for food. I returned and he was gone. I followed his tracks in the road as soon as it was daylight and came up with him leaning against a tree, dead. It is in all our blood to return back to the mountains and Sonora, and so, the death-chill coming on, my brother rose and walked until he died.

"Yesterday I learned that many hundred of my people were to pass through the city; this morning I saw them on their way to the hell from which I escaped, chained together like beasts and driven through the streets by the soldiers of Diaz. Why do these things happen to us? Are we the only Indians in Mexico?"

Jumping to his feet, the boyish cavalry officer burst into a fervid reply.

"Who is not an Indian in Mexico? The greatest man ever born in the Republic was an Indian. I speak of the noble Juarez, a pure-blooded Zapotec. Diaz himself owes whatever strength he may possess to the strain of Indian blood which flows through his veins. Magon is a Mestizo, and I, thank God! am blessed with an Indian ancestry. Nine-tenths of the life of Mexico is Indian, and this butcher Diaz, is striving to wipe out the best native blood in all Mexico. I mean the Yaquis."

He raised his hand. "Wait, I know what has been said; that the newspapers credit them with murder and devastation. It is not true—not one word in the whole fabric of lies in the subsidized press of the Mexican government. The Yaquis have only defended their lives



ADRIANO MORENO
President of the
Cotton Mill Workers'
Union—Killed in the
Massacre.

and the lives of their wives and children against the massacre planned by the agents of Diaz.

"Why even the American miners in Sonora are protesting against these butcheries ordered by Diaz.

"Listen. Here is a clipping taken from an American mining journal printed in El Paso, 'The Southwestern Opportunities':

"In faithfulness, industry and civilization the Yaqui compares favorably with the Mexicans found in the outlying country. He has few equals in any line of hard manual labor. He is more temperate, more honest and a better citizen than the men of Mexico, who are now taking part in the Yaqui war of extermination. We say this as others might if they had no fear of offending someone higher up."

"But that is not all; this paper tells of a steamship leaving the port of Guaymas, Mazatlan, loaded with Yaqui prisoners, and that while at sea half of the human cargo was forced overboard and drowned. And still more; an English traveler witnessed the imprisonment of many Yaquis; here is what he says:

"They came on foot from the trains, old and young, but with scarce a man or woman of fighting age among them. There were parts of families and remnants of families. One was an old man, a patriarch of the tribe, he tried to walk bravely but his strength was gone. He fell and rose and fell again. When some of the younger ones tried to take him on their arms they were bayoneted back and told to let the old man make the journey alone or die if he could not. Out of the fort at Guaymas the dead were carried daily. Nor was there anyone to tell why they died."

I added these clippings to my store of evidence against the Mexican Man on Horseback, and the terrible arraignment went on:

"But why should any one doubt the bloody-mindedness of the Mexican government in its dealing with the Yaquis when here, in the City of Mexico, it is driving its own people to death by starvation? Are you aware that in no other city in the world is there such a number of dead buried in paupers' graves as in Mexico? Here is the proof; I will read it to you, and believe me, the paper that prints it would be the last one to overdraw the awful picture, for the Mexican Herald receives a subsidy of \$3,000 a month from the hand of Diaz:

"From a total of 408 deaths during the week in the city, in 300 cases the remains were not taken to any private grave, but they were deposited in the sixth-class graves in the Dolores cemetery, where the burial is free. This means that in all these cases the dead persons belong to families absolutely without means, and unable to raise even the small fee for a private grave.

"In eighty-four cases the remains were taken to graves of the third, fourth or fifth class, where the fee is very small, and in twenty-four cases only the remains were taken to graves more or less expensive.

"These statistics are still more significant because it is well known that generally Mexican families are anxious to have their dead taken to private and expensive graves, decorated with monuments, and in many instances they will sell everything in order to have an expensive funeral. The fact that nearly 75 per cent of the dead are taken to the free graves seems to indicate that the families to which they belong have absolutely no means."

The watching man saw that the piece of irrefutable evidence had made a deep impression upon me, and he followed it up with the fierceness of a hound reaching out after a rabbit: "What now do you think of Porfirio Diaz? Remember, this is the City of Mexico! The show-city of the Republic. A model town where Diaz has laid out great avenues, statuary, fountains, and a three-million-dollar Grand Opera House facing the Alameda. Yet, clinging close to the skirts of all this money-play, is a depth of poverty unknown in any other city in the world.

"Here is more. He opened a pamphlet and pointed to a tabulation headed, "Nacimientos."

"Follow these figures in the 'Boleton Mensual De Estadistica Del Distrito Federal'—they tell a terrible story:

"'In the entire Federal District, for the year 1907, there were a total of 21,020 births, while in the city alone there were 20,000 deaths.

"And this proves—think of it, brothers! and may the thoughts sharpen your machetes and load your rifles—that the hand of Diaz is choking the life-blood from dying Mexico."

As the speaker paused, the old Yaqui chief again arose and put the question to the watching group: "Is it not better to die fighting, or even in chains, than to rot in the cities? I ask again, when will the Mexican people rise?"

"And I will answer you," replied Herbierto, with fierce intensity, "for this night, all over Mexico, the chiefs of groups have been given the date. On the 26th of June, one month from today, we will commence our battle for liberty."

The men in the room sprang to their feet, some, in the intensity of the Southern blood, clasping each other in their arms. There seemed to be no question but that Mexico was a seething mass ready to revolt under the very feet of Diaz.

"God! If we only had the guns!" muttered the young officer at my elbow.

The group began to dissolve, a few leaving at a time and by various exits so as to avoid notice. Escorted by Herbierto, I went into the street.

"Don't you see that the Diaz house-of-cards is tottering?" His eyes snapped with the eagerness of a successful pursuit as he saw that I was convinced.

"But how was it built in the first place, this one-man government in Mexico?" I put the question, and his answer startled me:

"By the President's partners."

At last we had come to the core of the whole matter. If proof of rottenness in the very center of Mexico could be produced, unquestioned evidence that would expose the inner workings of a graft-machine con-

trolled by the President, then the world would be convinced of the revolutionary chasm over which Mexico was tottering.

"The President's partners," I repeated slowly; "that story should shake the foundations of Mexico."

"Yes," he replied, "but I cannot tell it to you tonight, for in another hour it will be daybreak."

It was many days before I heard the complete story of the President's partners. A telegram hurried Magon's friend northward on revolutionary business to Torreon, while I was guided by the willing hands of the Mexican Liberal Party, southward, through the mills of Orizaba, the political prison of San Juan de Ulua, and the slave-camps of the Valle Nacional. I had no time to lose, for Mexico was planning a revolt in thirty days.

One last picture of the Southern Republic will never leave me—it is typical and happened on the border.

As the train crossed the bridge out of Mexico into Texas, a smooth-faced American engineer in a Panama hat started a cheer. All the Pullman passengers joined in, German, French, English—even the young Mexican who had sat so silently curled up in his corner of the car for the greater part of two days, raised his hat and grinned—for, all questions of patriotism aside, at least as we were out of Mexico. No more gray-hatted rurales, carbine-backed, no more blue-coated gendarmerie, with revolver butt handy on hip, watched our goings and comings.

It is not good to be afraid, and yet in Mexico every one is sooner or later smitten with fear sickness.

To begin with, the Man on Horseback is afraid. And so would you or I be if Mexico were our personal property—as it is that of President Porfirio Diaz—and the Mexican populace eyed us as it eyes Diaz.

I say these things because, today, fear is as much a part of the Mexican atmosphere as its humidity, to be sucked in through the pores, permeating the system. No one can understand life in Mexico without taking into account this universal attribute.

A man in the City of Mexico is crossing the street and his neighbor wishes to call him back. Does he yell out boldly, "Oyes, Martinez!" No, not by any means. "Hist! hist!" is the Mexican's way of attracting attention. And "hist! hist!" in all ages and in all countries has ever had but one meaning, namely, "Beware! conspiracy!"

Therefore, Diaz, along with all other dwellers of Mexico, is under the spell of "hist! hist!" And he, more than all others, knows why—Mexico is ready for revolt.

Can it be suppressed?

For a time it may—as long as Diaz has the people under cover of his carbines. But it can never be absolutely stamped out.

As Magon, Mexico's greatest living patriot, has said to me:

"IF FOR THREE DAYS THE IRON HEEL OF DIAZ' REPRESSION COULD BE LIFTED, IN THOSE THREE DAYS WE COULD ORGANIZE SO WELL THAT IN THE NEXT THREE DAYS WE COULD OVERTURN THE DICTATORSHIP."



SIX MEXICAN PATRIOTS FOUND HANGING NEAR CANANEA, STATE OF SONORA, MEXICO.

Socialism and Labor in Great Britian

BY VICTOR GRAYSON



OME one has somewhere said that "Man's chief inhumanity to man is not hatred but indifference." It is apathy that blights all faith and enthusiasm. And in England the air of stoical detachment has been carried to a fine art. You may feel; but must not weep; suffer, but not complain. But in order more thoroughly to mask your emotions it is advisable to transfer the suffering part to someone else's breast. Realism is the bete noir of English middle and upper classes. They have provided themselves with a system of conventional illusions as a defence against reality. Poverty and misery are prevalent, it is true. But why whine about it? Has not a gracious Providence effected a balance by the provision of kind hearts and liberal purses to meet emergencies? Do we not gladden the eyes of the destitute with periodical beanfeasts and gratuitous soup? It may seem incredible but I solemnly aver that there is still a considerable mass of educated people in England who seriously believe that God gave them wealth that they might help the poor and thus strike the balance of the Christian virtues. What is so ominous and pitiful about this state of affairs is that the unorganized working classes seem utterly spineless and quiescent. According to a Trade Union circular recently issued, there are some 7,000,000 people in Great Britain at present actually affected by unemployment. Those figures, of course, grossly understate the case. In addition to this, however, nearly all the great manufacturing and textile centers are either working short time or on the edge of an industrial crisis. The great boom of good trade and prosperity just past has left the employers arrogant and jaunty. Men are being discharged on the flimsiest pretexts and lock-outs threatened with a recklessness born of smug security. I need hardly point out that this state of things is in no wise extraordinary or confined to recent years. The Socialists have foreseen the inevitable seasonal depression year after year, and have even predicted the approximate date of its arrival. For seven or eight years I have personally been closely associated with unemployed agitations in England. I have drafted petitions, drawn up resolutions, and maneuvered with deputations. I have talked for weeks of hours to large gatherings of unemployed, until their grim thin faces and joyless, wistful eyes have

driven my sapient economics back into my throat. Day after day they would gather to be talked to, looking poorer and more spiritless each time. Local administrative bodies under pressure from demonstrations and deputations were toying in a disgustingly amateur manner with petty and insincere ameliorative proposals. As for Parliament, under the odious regime of Mr. Balfour's ministry they absolutely refused to give an Unemployed Bill precedence of a fatuous and time wasting Scottish Churches Bill. At that time, Mr. Keir Hardie was standing more or less alone in Parliament and his quondam colleague, Mr. John Burns, was presumably being measured for his projected Court Costume. Mr. Balfour's blandly philosophic reply to Hardie's insistent appeal on behalf of the unemployed was that "there was no crisis in the cōuntry." With two or three thousand fairly desperate unemployed in Manchester, we decided to provide Mr. Balfour with the desired stimulus. On a certain day we marched into the middle of the main street which was the artery of traffic, called halt—and just stayed there. In a few minutes the wheels of local civilization were stopped and the sturdy police in the sacred interests of law and order dashed into the crowd with drawn batons, ventilated some skulls, broke us into manageable sections and arrested five of the leaders.

Mr. Balfour, panic-stricken, immediately responded to the only language capitalist government will understand. And a Panic Unemployed Bill (*sic*) was rushed through the House of Commons. The act, however, proved a pot-egg. The champion verbologist, Lloyd George, aptly described it as a "motor car without petrol." And the liberal orators generally had an inordinately hilarious time at the expense of the Tory abortion. But Time brings its own Nemesis. At the general election, the Tories were thrown out and replaced by the Liberals with a powerful majority. A new force, however, had entered the Parliamentary arena, viz., the Labor Party. As its origin, composition and methods are but ill-understood even in England, it may be necessary to explain briefly the history and theory of what is known as the Socialist-Labor-Alliance. This more especially because there is a movement apparently on foot in America to emulate the English example. Prior to the association of the Socialists with the Trade Unionists, the watch-word of English Trade Unionism was "No politics."

The function of Trade Unionism was largely if not mainly that of a Tontine or Friendly Society. It was the fact that the Trade Union rank and file was honeycombed with Socialists, owing to the strenuous activities of the Social-Democratic Federation and the Independent Labor Party (both clear-cut Socialist organizations) that rendered rife political dissensions among the Trade Unionists. Thousands of British Trade Unionists who had read Robert Blatchford's "Merrie England" had the

film torn from their eyes and perceived the utter imbecility of sending capitalists to Parliament to obtain even industrial amelioration. But Liberal and Tory prejudices were woven into the texture of what the working classes called their mind. It was therefore against immense odds and with much misgiving among a large number of Socialists that Messrs. Keir Hardie, J. R. MacDonald and other I. L. P. Leaders endeavored through the Trade Union Congress to form an independent political Labor Party. This, of course, involved alliance. Alliance necessitated compromise. And when the Labor Representation Committee was formed in 1900 (being an affiliation of trade unions and Socialist societies including the S. D. F.) I think I may truthfully say that hardly a twentieth of Socialists realized the full significance of the Alliance. The L. R. C., with a predominance of prejudiced individualist opinion, became the responsible authority for the ensuing elections. In January, 1906, the L. R. C. elected 30 Labor members to Parliament, some of whom were Socialists. To the Parliamentary old stagers, the new group constituted an algebraical X. They were dubious as to their real significance. Were they the nucleus of a new party or merely the flotsam of a radical reaction? The new Liberal government had a large majority but not so large that they could afford to ignore the predilections of the new group. For a session or two, therefore, government policy was tentative. The Labor group must have its pulse felt. Industrial reforms, such as Workmen's Compensation, were granted with very little protest. And the Labor group finished its first year with a flush of initial success. But "there was a fly in the ointment." John Wesley used to pray, "God forgive me when the enemy praises me." Premier Campbell-Bannerman made a speech on the accomplishments of the new government. Although the government's first year of office left a pitiful record, his speech bubbled over with cheery optimism. He had viewed the emergence of the Labor Party with trepidation and distrust. In weak and foolish moments he had feared that the new party might represent a sinister attitude toward the rights of property and monopoly. That however, was but a nervous hallucination.

It was simply amazing though extremely gratifying how short a time it had taken the Labor members to become inoculated with the Parliamentary manner. They were now an exemplary picture of the exquisite finesse of political etiquette. They took their natural place in the Parliamentary mosaic. And their brawny figures, bowler hats and gnarled fists brought a welcome waft of the workshop into the asphyxiating atmosphere of capitalist politics. Rich men may

sleep safely in their beds. Those men desire not to usher in the Revolution but to legalize by legislative enactment a fit and proper Dickens Christmas for the poor. Mayfair recovered from its temporary swoon. Park Lane sang paeans of praise to the new party. And thereby hangs a tale. Without any apparent fiction or dissent the Socialist members of the Parliametary Labor party agreed with their more moderate Trade Union allies on a line of policy in Parliament which lies at the bottom of the present irritation and unrest. Labor members, many of whom were drawn from the workmen's bench, set themselves strenuously to acquire the "manner" and assimilate the atmosphere of their new environment. In a very short time Labor and Socialist members won golden reputations from capitalist politicians as polished precisions in procedure. They became models of artistic restraint. They pleaded prettily for small palliatives. And the governments handed them the moderate desires of their hearts with a condescending and approving smile. From Socialist platforms where we were accustomed to heave robust denunciation of the hypocrisies of a Liberal Government, more than one active Socialist had to endure the chagrin and humiliation of such phrases as "We stand here to support the greatest government of modern times." This from members of the Party in which we Socialists had reposed our hope and trust. Meanwhile Liberal capitalist politicians continued to butter the Labor Party with greasy adulation. The Tories looked on at this process of emasculation with a cynical and understanding smile. Their celebrated leader, Joseph Chamberlain, having covered himself and his party with infamy over the disgraceful Boer War, made a clever and indeed not unsuccessful attempt to divert public attention and submerge the memory of the criminal maladministration of affairs. He discovered that if we re-manipulated our fiscal system and substituted Protection for Free Trade, humanity would reach at least the rehearsal stage of an earthly Paradise. The Tories seized upon the new cry with avidity. Yet while it served to rehabilitate the Conservatives, it enabled the Liberals to conceal their political bankruptcy. Dear old Free Trade was taken down from the shelf, carefully dusted and placed in the Liberal Shop window to do further services for an intellectually indigent party. For months and months the country was tormented with miles of dreary statistics regarding imports and exports. The country was deluged with hireling orators and political pimps who sold the exiguous residue of their manhood for a dirty living. Working men at an average but precarious weekly wage of 18 shillings blew the froth off their bad beer and argued in millions of pounds. Starved industrial degenerates buttoned

ragged and shoddy coats over skimpy chests and spluttered about the "mur'aklus" excess of imports over exports." Meanwhile what was the Labor Party doing? There if ever was the supreme opportunity of Socialism. With about eight million people suffering the immediate pangs of poverty; ragged unemployed being bludgeoned and bayoneted into submission by the police and soldiery; thousands of hungry children every morning being submitted to the unspeakable torture of being taught (sic) on an empty stomach; the metropolis alone swarming with ninety thousand women and girls bestialized by prostitution;—this was and is the ghastly setting in which the Labor Party nominally dominated by convinced Socialists grew complacently towards the bourgeois ideal of moderate policy and temperate expression. Aye! while crowds of desperate men were madly smashing the doors of Town Halls, prominent Socialist members of the Labor Party were blandly mouthing odious platitudes about the blessings of Free Trade and the need for social purity, surrounded by bishops and plutocrats, on what are humorously described as non-political platforms. In Parliament they occasionally asked questions from Cabinet Ministers about unemployment, and bowed acquiescence in the familiar evasive reply. By the accident of the ballot they were favored by the successful Liberal member bringing in their Unemployed Bill after carefully divesting it of its vital clauses. Even in its innocuous form the Liberal Government defeated it by a large majority after an insulting speech against it by Renegade John Burns. The Labor Party muttered muffled imprecations, relapsed into the odor of respectability and began to put its house in order to support the Government even to the last ditch in its forthcoming Licensing Bill. This Bill was introduced by Premier Asquith as a sop to the teetotal fanatics, whose policy of frenzied importunity had successfully intimidated the Government. It was the opinion—well founded on the analogy of history—of most socialists that the Licensing Bill was a red herring, a mere working device to placate the teetotalers and divert public attention from the things that mattered. For a couple of months during the whole of autumn recess nothing was heard from political platforms but licensing pro and con. Intelligent Socialists were not deceived, and continued to expose the hypocrisy of both parties. But our American comrades may imagine our horror when we found the most prominent Socialist members appearing as speakers on unmistakably Liberal platforms in support of the Liberal Licensing Bill. This was what I might call the penultimate straw that broke the camel's back. That Socialists should succumb to the nonconformist drivel about saving the individual

from the temptations of drink and preach sickly moral homilies about the intemperance of the working classes, with Stiggins in the chair and notorious political bounders as their co-orators, made many of us sick. I don't hesitate to say that the condition of the unemployed at the opening of last autumn session of the British Parliament was worse than it has been for over fifty years. Hundreds were dying of starvation and committing suicide. Faint murmurings grew into riot and bloodshed. Some of us were damned and villified by all capitalist rags for telling the unemployed to take the food they needed. And by the time Parliament reassembled I for one was ready for drastic measures. When I received my parliamentary agenda for the session I found fifty-four pages of amendments to the Licensing Bill. Those had all to be discussed at dreary length for weeks before the Bill could go to the House of Lords. We all heard that it was doomed to be contemptuously rejected by the dignified chamber. Yet we had to face the spectacle of the Labor Party helping the Government in this glaringly obvious piece of bluff—and appointing speakers from their ranks to support the measure by pick-stic piffle about “temptations” and the like. It was at this stage that the present writer moved that the House should adjourn to consider the urgent condition of the unemployed. Of course, such an innovative step could not be taken. The Licensing Bill could not let any other question take precedence. I therefore felt it my duty to the outcasts whom I am proud to represent to obstruct the business of the House until they were prepared to deal with the unemployed. On the day that I did this I expected the Labor Party to stand to its guns. Instead of which—when the whole House was howling “Order! Order!”—to quote a Liberal paper, “The Labor members sat quite still while Mr. Grayson protesting loudly was conducted from the Chamber.” Next day I returned to the charge and moved that before proceeding with the next clause of a useless and insincere measure the House should pay immediate attention to the unemployed. A noisy scene ensued—during which the sitting was adjourned, the Speaker sent for and the Prime Minister moved that the inconvenient member be “suspended from the service of the House.” During the whole of this scene the Labor members sat silent and the motion for my suspension was accepted without a division. As I left the chamber of angry, howling capitalists unanimous in howling me down, I took the hasty liberty of calling upon the Labor Party not to be traitors to their class. And I am credibly informed that they consider this an insult. The disgraceful inaction of the Labor Party of course invoked an outburst of indignation from all sections of So-

cialist and trade union movements. But they convened a meeting and passed a resolution dissociating themselves from the unseemly conduct of the suspended member.

Now it will be patent to my American comrades that the party that could sit down quietly while all those things happened must have been chloroformed. Further it must be flagrantly apparent that the avowed Socialists within the alliance, whose denunciations of the capitalist system have made our hearts burn with zeal, must have managed to adapt themselves very successfully to their capitalist environment. Comrades like Robert Hunter and others in America may burst into fervent eulogy on the quiet practical work of Hardie, MacDonald, Snowden, etc. Up to a certain point I am in complete agreement. The Socialist Labor Alliance is in my opinion one of the finest things for English Socialism that has happened. But I submit that a point has been reached when the Socialist must look to his own house, or he will be strangled in the embrace of his Trade Union ally. Within the last few weeks negotiations have been consummated which bring into the alliance some fourteen miners, members of Parliament, who are almost to a man radical individualists. This accession gives an appalling predominance to the purely Trade Union element in the Labor Party. To those of us who know anything of the make-up of the section this last accomplishment is the signal for an inevitable break-up of the Labor Party. Let there be no mistake as to my meaning. I think a Labor Party in Parliament a very desirable and useful thing. As an independent Socialist member, I am prepared to back them enthusiastically and support most of their measures of alleviation. But I and many thousands of other British Socialists absolutely decline to pawn our Socialist principles in the dubious hope of being able to redeem them after many days. Parliament as at present constituted is a humbug. It is an elaborate machine for keeping back reforms and perpetuating the existing state of things. Its procedure is designed and constructed to make it almost impossible to get a really human and useful bit of legislation on the Statute Book. And the administration of the law is such that every good act is rendered practically nugatory by class administration of the law. I could cite many flagrant instances which amply demonstrate the fact that the English judges can drive a coach and four through the most stringent act on our Statute Book.

The Liberal Government will grant as much as the people and their representatives are prepared to drag from their reluctant grasp. They have centuries of family training in evading living issues. And it is the most ludicrous egotism on the part of a Labor or even So-

cialist party to attempt to beat them at their own game. We must talk to them in the language they have learned to fear and always responded to. When a Socialist essays to become a politician he is on the short line to hell. By the time he has learned how to manipulate the myriad strings of the complex political machine he will have lost his character and fuddled his cerebellum. And his reputation with serious people will have been irretrievably buried.

Recently the situation has changed again. The House of Lords is to be abolished (Lord have mercy on them) if it insults the Liberals seven or eight times more; little children are to be safe-guarded from the pernicious teachings of the Anglican faith, and the Church of Wales is to be disestablished. And only a few of us smile—and at sundry whiles vary it with a swear. Amid all those depressing treaties, compacts and cross-purposes, however, one encouraging fact becomes apparent. There must be a British Socialist Party, rigorous in its independence, clear in its ideal, and thoroughly informed in its economic attitude. And the egregious failure of the Labor Party prepares the foundation of such a party. For a couple of years past there has been a marked feeling of unrest and impatience among the rank and file of the British Socialist movement. A vague but insistent cry for Socialist unity has repeated itself time after time. But the personal antipathies of leaders and would-be leaders have up to now rendered unity impossible. The Conferences of the Independent Labor Party have become merely registers of the predilections and projects of the ruling Caucus. The S. D. F., while keeping its Socialism untainted by compromise has marred its efficiency by a rigidly academic attitude towards life's problems. The Fabians have so rarified their Constitution that there is fear they may "die of a rose in aromatic pain." Put Debs on the bridge, Gompers at the wheel, DeLeon on the lookout, and a bad tempered nigger in the galley—and you have the British situation. The crew may work till they sweat drops of blood, but the old ship will roll through some adventures sure! But there are signs of a better understanding, and a close organization. After a dreary and fruitless sojourn in a wilderness of compromise, the rank and file of all Socialist Parties in Britain are manifesting a restive spirit. An infusion of the old revolutionary spirit is stirring their blood and restoring the circulation. Asquithian antics are beginning to pall, Sunday-school ethics and an overdose of the Ten Commandments are bringing in a beautiful reaction. It is my hope and conviction that the pendulum will not swing to sheer impossibilism. The one sure and certain sign is the universal desire for distinct Socialist representation in Parliament. With a view to satisfying this demand

we have suggested a Socialist Representation Committee composed of all existing Socialist organizations, whose function will be the return and support of Socialist Candidates independent of the Labor Party and its Constitution. This will necessarily involve some reconstitution of the Labor Party—but the issue will be clear and unequivocal. I cannot prophesy what may happen to our projects and ideals in Great Britain. But I may be allowed a modest word of warning to my American Socialist comrades. Beware of compromise on an alleged basis of *quid pro quo*. You will find yourself obliged to give your quid, but your allies will need gas to yield up the quo.

The differences after all are differences of method; quarrels as to plan of attack. About the thing to be attacked, there is absolute unanimity. Capitalism is the enemy. And as I approach his unprepossessing form with a loaded club, I shan't get excited if some one thinks he can give the desired quietus with a sandbag. When all our little nostrums are exhausted, we shall perceive one clear issue. That issue is between capitalism and Socialism. On the journey to the goal we Socialists are willing to keep the worker who wants only better conditions. But we shall refuse to obscure our Socialism by a bastard meliorism. Emancipation, not alleviation, is our common international aim.

Trades Unions work well as centers of resistance against the encroachments of capital. They fail partially from an injudicious use of their power. They fail generally from limiting themselves to a guerilla war against the effects of the existing system, instead of simultaneously trying to change it, instead of using their organized forces as a lever for the final emancipation of the working class, that is to say, the ultimate abolition of the wages system.
—Karl Marx in *Value, Price and Profit*.

A Pickpocket

BY MARY E. MARCY.



It was the last day Red Carlton was to spend in the Bridewell on his sentence, which had been reduced from six to five months on account of "good behavior." It seemed to Red that he had never known a day that dragged so long. The smell of leather in the harness shop sickened him and the close air choked him. A dozen times in the afternoon his blood pounded in his ears like the beating in the breast of a man who has been too long under water. It seemed to Red that he would die if he could not get out into the sunshine, stretch his arms and drink in deep draughts of fresh air.

The poor fare of the institution seemed more revolting than ever. He could not eat. Constantly his thoughts were on the dinner he would have tomorrow at a certain small cafe, where the most delicious steaks were served, or upon the beer he intended to consume.

From the window in the harness shop, where he had been so long employed, for five months he had seen somebody discharged from the institution every day. He had watched the fortunate ones as they strode eagerly away in the direction of the saloon upon the corner. Not later than this morning the little Italian restaurant keeper had been liberated.

Red's hands trembled as he worked, while the taskmaster stood over him with suspicion in his sharp eyes. And the convict wished in his heart, as he had wished a thousand times before, for the strength of millions that he might throw up his arms and destroy the walls that held him.

But when evening came at last and the prisoners were locked in their cells for the night, Red found a chance to vent his emotions. He talked a long time with the Kid who was his cell-mate. The boy was only eighteen and this was his first term. They were very good friends and it seemed to the boy that life would be a great deal harder when Red was gone.

Red was an old offender. He was only thirty-two and had been a professional pickpocket for sixteen years. He told the Kid many stories of his life on the "dip."

Red had been one of the best men in the business. When he organized a Crew it never went out to operate unless there was a stake

laid by with which to engage a good lawyer to get any one of them out of trouble if he happened to be caught.

Red told the Boy to look him up at two-forty-nine as soon as he got out and the Mob would give him a course in stalling. When the boys were out on business a great deal depended upon the kind of chaps they had to do the stall. A youth with the face of a college sophomore was almost as good as money in the bank, while a man of coarse appearance simply would not do.

For the stalls are the men whose duty it is to corner and crowd



the victim while the Tool goes through his pockets. If any trouble occurs, the stalls are required to face it. They are never found with stolen money or papers upon their persons because they are prepared to prove an alibi.

Red thought a good deal of the Kid and he wanted to do him a good turn. But in the course of their furtive conversation, it transpired that Red had served a year in Pittsburg, six months in San Francisco, two years in Joliet, a year before at the Bridewell, ten months at Jefferson City, which, with other sundry minor sentences, made up nearly eight of the years during which he had followed the profession.

No matter how rosily Red painted the pictures of future hauls, the thought of these eight long years that he had spent in penal institutions

sent horror into the boy's heart. He knew he would labor through weary days, year in and year out, rather than again find himself shut close from the fresh air and the sunshine.

As for Red, he counted it all in the day's work. When the boys fell down on a job, it was so much the worse for them. One had to take the bitter with the sweet. A man can't have all the Velvet all the time. People who live on Velvet expect to pay some times. If there were no risk in picking pockets, he thought the profession would become as common as bookkeeping.

"Did you ever try doing anything else?" inquired the Boy one night, timidly. "Work, I mean." In the dim flickering light that burned in the narrow corridor the Boy could see Red as he ran his long slim fingers through his hair. The Boy's words seemed to call up a train of memories. By and by a smile began to pull at the corner of Red's lips, but it was some time before he spoke.

"Yes," he said slowly, at last. "I've tried to work more'n once, kid. But work's about the poorest payin' business I know of, unless you're educated along a special line. The only kind of work I knew was the kind every man can do, and the supply of jobs like that ain't equal to the demand. I never was taught ANYthing. And I've lived easy HALF the time, at least," he added, with a little touch of pride.

"The poor fellows that follow the Pick and Shovel life never have the fun I've had. There's one of them over there now, in Cell 829. He got six months for vagrancy because he couldn't get a job. Or maybe he WOULDN'T, I don't know.

"But I've been unlucky, unlucky as hell! The bunch had a frame-up with every mug on State street, from Lake to Adams. We had a clean right-of-way to 'lift' everything we could get our hands on. We gave the mugs 25 per cent of all we took in and you couldn't have made them see us doing anything queer if you'd tried." He leaned back on the bars of the cell and sighed.

"But there was a new mutt on one night, and we couldn't make him take a cent. We couldn't make connections anywhere, and so I had to come over again."

In spite of the fact that Red had served eight years and had long since learned to make himself tolerably comfortable in narrow quarters, as the time of his incarceration dwindled away, his impatience and nervousness rose almost beyond restraint. And during the last week they would sometimes overflow quite beyond his own control.

If his sentence was a long one, Red Carlton would look the situation over for a few days and endeavor to establish connections with a few of the comforts of life. This included, of course, ways and means for

securing Bull Durham, for Red had never been reduced to the necessity of going without his cigarette now and then.

Smoking tobacco is one of the contraband articles in all penal institutions, as well as matches. But as for the latter, Red Carlton could make a light anywhere.

All he needed was a steel button, from his shirt or his trousers, which he slipped over a string. By pulling the string to and fro, he caused the button to revolve so swiftly that when he allowed it to touch the stone floor, the friction caused sparks to fly and immediately ignite a dry charred rag. The tiniest smoldering spark on the cloth would light a cigarette. And at night, when the guards are few, the prisoner finds solace in a furtive smoke.

Money is also contraband. All cash a man may have is left at the office when he enters the institution and checks or bills sent him by friends are credited to his account at the office and paid over to him upon the day he is discharged.

Red always found it possible to secure smoking tobacco if he had any money. In fact, he told the Boy that anybody could buy anything in any place if he had the price of it. And so he contrived to possess the price.

Red talked to the Boy very softly, that the guard might not hear, far into the night and promised to send him the magazines every week. He told the Boy the channel to approach for a little money now and then, and promised to deliver a message to his sister.

The boy was very grateful and his voice broke when he spoke, for it was to save the husband of his sister that he had been silent in Court. For them he was serving the weary term and it seemed that they had forgotten him. No word came from them and Red alone gave a little color to his life. The Boy did not complain but his heart ached when the days passed bringing no visits, letters or messages from his sister. It was odd that Red should prove kinder than she.

The morning upon which Red Carlton was to be liberated dawned at last. And Red hurried restlessly through the morning tasks under the vague impression that he might thus accelerate the interminable routine. Twice the guard spoke sharply to him, and Red wondered if he sought an excuse to deny him the time he had gained for "good behavior."

To McMasters, who was doing eighteen months for using the mails to defraud, Red bequeathed his checkerboard, and to the Boy, the remnants of a package of Bull Durham. There was a generous piece of Star Plug which he distributed among the others and they all gave him innumerable commissions to perform. He promised to execute them, and when the guard came and Red was "sprung" (discharged) at last,

the boys watched him longingly through the bars of the window until he had disappeared behind the hedge. At last they saw him emerge and cross over to the saloon on the corner.

After the long months of restraint it seemed to Red that he could not drink enough. The money he had been forced to leave in the office of the Bridewell was returned to him upon his discharge. There was a ten dollar note and a handful of silver. Red was glad that he had enough money to celebrate the occasion and invited everybody in Mike's to have a drink on him.

Glued to the bar, he stood ordering drink after drink, occasionally calling the crowd to drink with him again. At three o'clock in the afternoon, he discovered dimly that he had spent his last dime. A solitary nickel appeared and rolled onto the floor when he turned his pockets inside out. Laboriously he got down on his hands and knees to hunt for it. With the solitary coin clutched tightly in one hand, he boarded the Blue Island Avenue car going toward the heart of the city, and fell heavily upon the rear seat. There he dozed intermittently until a fat gentleman stumbled over his sprawling feet and roused him.

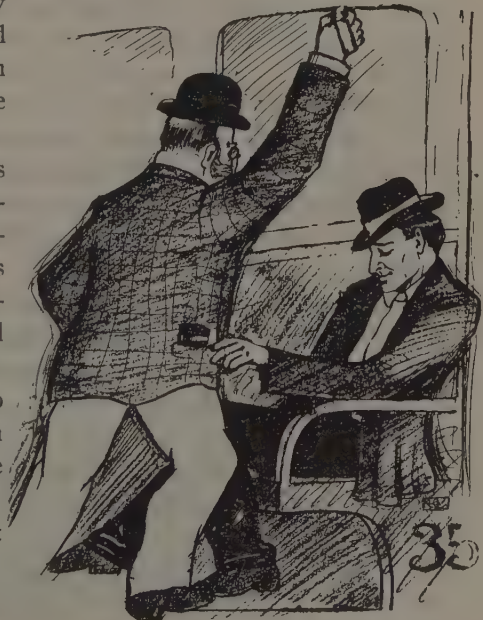
It is rather certain that Red did not reason out the line of conduct that he followed thereafter. As the prosperous gentleman lurched against him, Red's right hand fell against a bulging leather wallet, and as he puffed and struggled to his feet again, Red slipped it from the man's pocket and thrust it swiftly inside his own coat.

The fat man looked angrily into Red's face but Red's head lolled backward and forward with the movement of the car and he seemed drunker than before.

But the fat man had friends and two equally prosperous gentlemen, standing on the rear platform, made excellent witnesses against Red the next day, although the pocketbook would have been enough.

And so it happened that two days after he was discharged from the Bridewell, Red came back to serve another term.

"I was piped," he said. "But it's all in the day's work."



Socialism for Students

BY JOSEPH E. COHEN

V. HISTORICAL MATERIALISM



IN everyday talk, man is said to be what heredity and environment make him. Of these two factors, so far as the individual goes, the heredity of the man is constant, environment varies. While no man can alter his heredity, environment is constantly changing. Environment is, besides, the more important factor. This is admitted by people of all schools of thought. Otherwise there would be only madness in their practical proposals. We must, then, ascertain what part of the environment exercises the greatest influence on the individual and society—what influences are at work changing the environment.

“Self-preservation is the first law of nature,” say the scientists. To satisfy hunger, protect the body and shelter it from the elements, to obtain a livelihood—that is the first consideration in human society as in the animal world. However unromantic it may be, the wants of the physical man must be attended to first of all. The material comes before the ideal, the practical sways the theoretical.

In every period of history, therefore, the means employed to secure a livelihood, and the social relations which necessarily followed, produced, in great part, the ideas and tendencies of the time. As people changed the method of winning their existence, so their relations and theories changed. An examination of the trend of institutions of all kinds, whether political, philosophical or social, shows that the changes they have undergone can be accounted for only by referring to the changes in material conditions. This is historical materialism, the materialistic or economic interpretation of history, another of the discoveries of Karl Marx.

Here is the oft-quoted definition of Marx: “The mode of production in material life determines the general character of the social, political and spiritual processes of life. It is not the consciousness of men that determines their existence but, on the contrary, their social existence determines their consciousness. At a certain stage of their development, the

material forces of production in society come in conflict with the existing relations of production, or—what is but a legal expression of the same thing—with the property relations within which they had been at work before. From forms of development of the forces of production these relations turn into their fetters. Then comes the period of social revolution. With the change of the economic foundation the entire immense superstructure is more or less rapidly transformed.”

We need hardly caution the reader against the fallacy that every individual's notions are determined by his own economic condition. We are considering man collectively, in society, and society has laws peculiar to itself, laws governing its motion which are affected very little by the independent actions of individuals.

Let us also hasten to say that the material is not the only factor. It is the first factor and the foremost one, but there are others. True enough is it that all factors except the material, taken together, cannot explain the evolution of society, while the material conditions alone can do so, although very roughly. In actual life, material conditions exert the preponderating influence, while the other factors serve largely to temper or intensify that influence.

Historical materialism does not eliminate these factors. It embraces them, although it does discount their importance. The Socialist can say with the poet:

“I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage where every man must play a part.”

Generally speaking, we are concerned with the part each man plays only insofar as his part is a more or less common one. We are interested, especially, in ideas and movements of a general character, such as are a social quantity, signifying that a social cause has brought them into being. We do not deny that there have been great men, “heroes,” as Carlyle calls them, men who seem to be intellectual giants by comparison with their fellow men. But even these “heroes” did not create themselves. They are not the result of “spontaneous creation.” Like everybody else, they issue from the womb of time and are under obligation to circumstance for pretty much all they are. However encyclopedic their minds, however colossal their genius, their greatness comes out of the material at hand. “One swallow does not make a summer,” and one great man does not, single handed, make history. We all recognize the importance of historical conditions when we say: “This man was wise in his day and generation.” Conditions make the man of

the hour, a great deal more so than the man of the hour modifies conditions.

Nor need it be denied that much of history may be regarded as a conflict between democracy and aristocracy. Yet a more thorough examination will show that the material conditions, in the greatest measure, decided whether that conflict assumed a religious, political or economic character.

Historical materialism does not imply that the institutions of every country and epoch are bound to assume the same shape and pass through the same process of development. Progress may be retarded or accelerated according to the peculiarities, customs and traditions of a people. More than that, to quote Kautsky: "Every method of production is connected not only with particular tools and particular social relations, but also with the particular content of knowledge, with particular powers of intelligence, a particular view of cause and effect, a particular logic, in short, a particular form of thought." So, the average workingman today imagines he is living in the America of half a century ago, before the rise of modern industry—which accounts for his voting the Republican or Democratic ticket because his father or grandfather did. When the ideas of the working class catch up with existing conditions, there will probably be a social revolution.

Again, as Labriola tells us, Italy for a time fell out of the course of the nations. Japan, on the other hand, profited by the experience of other countries; it is possible, although not altogether probable, that Russia will pass from a state of feudalism into Socialism without tasting much of capitalism. The Socialist movements in different countries assume different aspects, although they have a common ideal.

Nor is historical materialism a new pantheism, counting the hairs of one's head and watching the fall of a sparrow. It is satisfied with explaining the questions of greater moment, accounting for the evolution of society from savagery to civilization, explaining political disturbances, waves of reform and religious sentiment, and the rise and decline of philosophies and nations.

Historical materialism, in declaring that ideas change with the change in material conditions, runs counter to the theory that ideas create themselves or are lassoed by the individual out of the sea of consciousness which always was and will be. It also runs counter to the theory that certain ideas and principles are eternally true, irrespective of time and place. As Marx says: "Thus these ideas, these categories, are not more eternal than the relations which they express. They are

historical and transitory products." This is, of course, a rude shock to the budding philosophers who, every three or four years, rediscover the eternal principles of social harmony. But that cannot be helped.

It is by the test of history that the theory of historical materialism must stand or fall. History will tell us whether institutions are transitory and in what degree they correspond to changes in the method of securing a livelihood.

For example, nowadays we are asked to regard property of a certain kind as "private and sacred." Yet this was not always so. Lafargue tells us that "a citizen of Sparta was entitled without permission to ride the horses, use the dogs, and even dispose of the slaves of any other Spartan." Imagine pursuing the chase with the dogs, horses and servants of one of our social swells today, without so much as "by your leave!" As to the ephemeral nature of property, an American economist, Atkinson, goes so far as to say: "The only capital which is of permanent value is immaterial—the experience of generations and the development of science." Indeed not only is right in the possession of things not eternal, but is dependent upon man-made law. So Lafargue quotes Locke, the English philosopher: "Where there is no property there is no injustice." Cooley, an American authority upon constitutional law, declares: "That is property which is recognized as such by law, and nothing else is or can be. Property and law are born and must die together. Before the laws there was no property, take away the laws, all property ceases." Property, therefore, is not something eternal, but is a transitory arrangement subject to social needs. On this point Cooley says: "The courts . . . seem to have laid down the broad doctrine that where private property is devoted to a public use it is subject to public regulation." Public necessity has gone further than regulation. In the coal strike of 1902 several mayors confiscated carloads of coal with no pretense at "due process of law."

Speaking of the "sacredness" of private property, the following utterance is instructive, in that it concerns a notoriously lawless destruction of the property of certain eminently respectable gentlemen. The reference is to the Boston Tea Party. "This is the most magnificent movement of all. There is a dignity, a majesty, a sublimity in this last effort of the patriots that I greatly admire. . . . This destruction of the tea is so bold, so daring, so fixed, so intrepid, and inflexible, and it must have so important consequences and so lasting, that I cannot but consider it an epoch in history." This attack upon the sanctity of private property was not the deed of some sacrilegious firebrand, but the cold,

measured syllables of that austere Puritan and prim jurist, John Adams. Again, by the stroke of a pen, Lincoln confiscated millions of dollars of southern property. So much for the "sacredness" of property.

Justice, morality, equality, liberty—all these have significance only as regards specific historical conditions. When severed from those conditions they are either meaningless or, as often as not, serve reactionary purposes. Labriola sums it up when he says: "Ideas do not fall from heaven; and, what is more, like the other products of human activity, they are formed in given circumstances, in the precise fullness of time, through the action of definite needs, thanks to the repeated attempts at their satisfaction, and by the discovery of such and such other means of proof which are, as it were, the instruments of their production and their elaboration." Thus our modern unctuous moralists tell the workers: "Think more of your duties and less of your rights." Which is exquisite slave economy. Thus a professor of political economy recently ventured the opinion that the labor problem might be solved if married women, together with their husbands, went to work. Which is either irony or impudence, and a fair sample of non-Socialist political economy. What influence material conditions exert upon creeds is witnessed in the decline in America of Judaism, the faith of a people who have heretofore maintained their race identity despite centuries of persecution.

It is a commonplace that "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out the window." That marriage is not necessarily a moral and spiritual union Seligman shows, when he says: "The earliest division of labor rests on the principle that the female attends to the vegetable sustenance, the man to the animal diet, and on this fundamental distinction all the other social arrangements are built up. Marriage, for a long time, is not an ethical community of ideal interests, but very largely an economic or labor relation." It has been observed that the number of marriages fluctuates with the price of food. The agitation against race-suicide springs from an economic motive.

Behind those companions in iniquity and hypocrisy, "our manifest destiny" and "benevolent assimilation"—at the point of the bayonet—lurk economic interests. Such men as Carl Schurz and Wendell Phillips knew this. Schurz saw in the Civil War a conflict between the economic interests of the North and the South, between cotton and iron. Said Wendell Phillips: "It is not always, however, ideas or moral principles that push the world forward. Selfish interests play a large part in the work. Our Revolution of 1776 succeeded because trade and wealth joined hands with principle and enthusiasm—a union rare in the history of revolutions. Northern merchants fretted at England's refusal to allow them direct trade with Holland and the West Indies. Virginia

planters, heavily mortgaged, welcomed anything which would postpone payment of their debts—a motive that doubtless avails largely among Secessionists now.” Loria declares that statistics prove 258 out of 286 wars to be distinctly due to economic causes, while in the remainder, apparently fought on religious grounds, economic influences were at work but obscured. Quite recently Seth Low, among others, at a congress of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, in 1905, declared that all wars are commercial.

Every important change in the method of securing a living is accompanied by a class struggle in which a new class or a class formerly subordinate forces itself to the front. The class character of society, indicated in all institutions, is especially evident in examining legislation. When we declare that Pennsylvania is the property of the Pennsylvania Railroad, we do not mean that most of its officials are on the payroll of that corporation. Some probably are, as recent disclosures show, just as the Chicago University is the by-product of Standard Oil. We mean that, wittingly or not, the interests of that corporation are so well served by the legislators of this state as to make it appear that this is their primary reason for holding office. The principle of tariff legislation has undergone an interesting transformation. In the early days John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, voted for protection for the South. When the manufacturing interests of the North came into control, they became the ardent advocates of a high tariff. For years the policy of the government was, practically, to “stand pat.” Now that capital is becoming international, reciprocity and tariff revision are on the carpet. The more capital extends its grip internationally the surer the tendency toward free trade. In the same way, the attitude toward the trust has changed. In the days of Mark Hanna, “there were no trusts.” Later, there were “good trusts and bad trusts.” We are already at the point when large investments are immune, when President Roosevelt permitted the Steel Trust to assimilate the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company and informed the Senate that it was none of their business. Competition is no longer the “life” of trade. Trade is the death of competition.

Reform measures also depend upon circumstance. Very often the demand of a subjugated class is conceded by the ruling class, because the ruling class profits by the measure. For example, rate legislation and federal licensing of corporations. In the days of competition which existed some generations ago, but not since, uniform rate legislation might have secured equity among common carriers and, by preventing discrimination, might have interfered with the tendency toward trustification. But today, when the larger industries are monopolistic and inter-related, a uniform rate, especially if high enough, would complete

the work of driving small enterprise out of business, while changing only the pocket into which the general profits would flow for the trusts. So federal licensing of corporations means that the federal government lends its hand to large enterprise, because only large enterprise does a national business, thus protecting it against the encroachment of state legislatures in the control of the so-called middle class or working class.

The class character of society is more pronounced as between the capitalist class and the working class. Thus, to take something without rendering an equivalent is purely a class wrong. For a worker to snatch a loaf of bread to appease his hunger is punishable and punished by law; for a capitalist to exploit the same worker mercilessly is good business. Because the worker is a worker, dealing with the realities of life, laboring with Mother Earth to minister to the comfort of the race, his conceptions are generally antagonistic to those of the ruling class, who render no useful service and whose privilege is based upon legal fiction. Here many able men who consider themselves exponents of Marxian historical materialism, Seligman among them, fall short of the mark. For, historical materialism explains how historical materialism came to be.

We need not pause to consider the school book notion that history writing is an accurate record of events. To be something more than chronology, events must be interpreted, arranged as to cause and effect. And second thought will convince even the school child that the stirring times of 1776 have heretofore made an entirely different impression upon American as against English historians. In the higher schools this unhistorical method is rapidly being abandoned. It is recognized that the writing of history does depend upon the standpoint of the historian. It was, therefore, no accidental coincidence, as Seligman thinks, that Marx, who stood political economy right side up, should turn right side up the philosophy of history and become a Socialist. That is why in Marx the theories of surplus value, class struggle and historical materialism are co-ordinated and united. That is why historical materialism, in its fullest and completest sense—its only proper sense—is the method and the weapon of the working class, coming only with the rise of the modern labor movement. That is why Marx and Engels were Socialists, instead of closet philosophers, why they were the guiding spirits in the first international organization of the working class, why they were able to map out in the rough the line of march the working class organization has since taken and is taking.

But if Seligman's tendency is to castrate historical materialism, by depriving it of its revolutionary character and its corollary, the class struggle, in an attempt to make the theory more "moderate," Loria

goes him one better as an "extremist" in the other direction. So Loria says: "Capitalist property is not a natural phenomenon but a violation of law, both human and divine—the impossible erected into a system." With Loria, as with many non-Socialists, the "unnatural" is here in full bloom. Which is perfectly natural—for Loria. Well, as capitalist property is "unnatural" and "a violation of law, both human and divine," the sooner it goes the better, one would suppose. But, naturally or otherwise, Loria argues the contrary. "In the first place there is abundant opportunity to ameliorate the sanitary and economic condition of the poorer classes without in the least interfering with the rights of property, and measures of this kind are in no way excluded by our theory." For Loria, capitalist property, which came into being by the violation of law and ethics, is nevertheless sacred, and his plans for ameliorating the condition of the workers do not in the least interfere with the "rights of property." The only ray of hope he holds out is: "The bipartition of the revenues is the salvation of the proletariat." The workers, consequently, can find relief only in keeping the landed aristocracy and the capitalist class at each other's throats. What the working class is to do when landed aristocrats and capitalists together clutch the workers' throats, Loria does not say. Nor does Loria consider that the working class, who are the largest class and the only socially necessary class, might decide to rid themselves of landlords and capitalists. Loria and Seligman occupy a position similar to that of Feuerbach in philosophy. Backwards they are historical materialists; forward, idealists.

Historical materialism not only accounts for itself, as well as for the rise of contrary theories, but foretells its own passing. For it may be said with some assurance that with the end of capitalism and class rule, the influence of material conditions on society will be reduced to a minimum. Marx's method, the interpretation of events and ideas by historical fact instead of fancy, will likely endure much longer.

Meanwhile the Socialist goes about his business of studying the anatomy of present society, interpreting history and organizing the working class for the coming change.

For historical materialism is not a form of fatalism. Not only does it recognize the importance of intellectual forces, but declares that their importance grows with time. To be aware of the direction and rate of the power moving society, to be conscious of the necessity for class action, is the duty imposed upon the workers. So it is that as it grows and makes progress, the Socialist movement more and more displays its class character. And it is because of this fact that we can say: Socialism is inevitable!

Historical materialism is therefore the most formidable weapon in

the arsenal of the toilers. By its use the mission of the workers to conquer the productive forces will be accomplished, so that thereafter intellect will control destiny and society will consciously mold its environment.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A COURSE OF READING.

The following list of works is recommended to the student. They cover the subject touched upon by the above article, and it is suggested that they be read in the order named.—J. E. C.

Socialism, Positive and Negative. By Robert Rives LaMonte. Cloth, 50c.
 Evolution of Property. By Paul Lafargue. Cloth, \$1.00.
 Essays on the Materialistic Conception of History. By A. Labriola. Cloth, \$1.00.
 Socialism and Philosophy. By A. Labriola. Cloth, \$1.00.
 Economic Interpretation of History. By E. R. A. Seligman. Cloth, \$1.50.
 Economic Foundations of Society. By A. Loria. Cloth, \$1.25.
 Ethics and the Materialistic Conception. By Karl Kautsky. Cloth, 50c.
 Theoretical System of Karl Marx. By Louis Boudin. Cloth, \$1.00.
 Revolution and Counter-Revolution. By Karl Marx. Cloth, 50c.
 Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte. By Karl Marx. Paper, 25c.
 Eastern Question. By Karl Marx. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London.

All these except the last named can be obtained from Charles H. Kerr & Company, Chicago. Professor Seligman's book, however, being published by an eastern house, is subject to no discount to stockholders.

The Marxist absolutely denies the freedom of the will. Every human action is inevitable. "Nothing happens by chance." Everything is because it cannot but be. How then can we consistently praise or blame any conduct? If one cares to make hair-splitting distinctions, it may be replied that we cannot, but none the less we can rejoice at some actions and deplore others.—Robert Rives La Monte in *Socialism, Positive and Negative*.

Laborism versus Socialism

BY WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING

"The teachings of Manchesterism were the first spiritual weapons which the capitalistic class brought into use against the Socialist labor movement both in England and Germany. No wonder that many Socialist workers got the view that the conceptions of Manchesterist and capitalist, on the one hand, and the interference of the State in economic relations and Socialism, on the other, were one and the same thing; no wonder, too, that they believed that the conquering of Manchesterism meant the conquering of capitalism. Nothing is less true. Manchesterism has never been anything more than a mere teaching, a theory, which the capitalistic class made use of against the working people and also against the governments, when this suited its purposes, but it took good care not to carry it out wholly. And at present the Manchester teaching has lost all influence on the capitalist class.

"The latter has not only lost its self-consciousness, which was the necessary condition of the Manchester teachings; it has already seen that economic and political development has made necessary and inevitable the taking over of certain economic functions by the State. . . . It can by no means be said that . . . every nationalization of an economic function or of an economic enterprise is a step towards socialistic co-operation and that the latter would grow out of a general nationalization of all the economic enterprises without the necessity of making a fundamental change in the nature of the State."



E have quoted these passages from Kautsky's "Erfurter Programm" because we do not think that the contrast between State Socialism and Social Democracy can be more clearly stated. State Socialism is the opposite, not of capitalism, but of the old laissez faire, or "Manchesterian" attitude of certain extreme individualists and advocates of the competitive system. But nowhere, as Kautsky has shown, have the capitalists, in spite of these Manchestrian theories, failed to make the fullest use of the State for their own purposes. This is even more true in England and the United States than in other countries, on account of the fuller development here of the capitalist class—for the State in Italy and Germany has interfered not for the capitalist, but for the sake of the official class or that of the remnant of the feudal landlords—a point which Kautsky also makes clear.

Social Democracy is the antagonist, not of the policy of "laissez faire," which was never more than a theory, but of capitalism. Mr. Keir Hardie's speech in Carnegie Hall ought then to make it clear that the Independent Labor Party of Great Britain is not a Socialist organization, but purely an advocate of State Socialism. In answer to a question, Mr. Hardie put off what he called "communism" into the limbo of the distant future along with anarchism and what not. What we are

working for now, he explained, is "Collectivism or State Socialism, the next stage of evolution towards the socialist state."

Mr. Hardie is then at one with a certain element of the Fabian Society which frankly avows its intention to support State Socialism and bureaucracy.

Naturally the program and tactics evolved by a State Socialist Party are the very opposite of those of a Social Democracy. The German party, for instance, has always held aloof on the question of national ownership, the Independent Labor Party puts national ownership in the foreground. The German party has always attached a secondary importance to such labor legislation as it is possible to obtain from a capitalistic state, the Independent Labor Party bids for the labor vote almost wholly on the basis of certain pitiable insignificant labor laws it has obtained after many years of effort: The "Erfurter Programm" put democracy in the foreground, as does every genuine Socialist party the world over. Keir Hardie and the Independent Labor Party have not even declared against monarchy. "Our attitude towards the monarchy," said Mr. Keir Hardie at Carnegie Hall, "is one of leaving it severely alone. The King does no harm."

Neither is Mr. Hardie nor his party disturbed by the fact that a third or fourth of the working class of Great Britain are disfranchised by registration laws and property qualification, nor does he attack the House of Lords as aggressively as do the mere radicals. His party makes nothing of the Initiative and Referendum and seems to fear rather than desire the second ballot.

The reason why the Independent Labor Party does not bother itself much about the establishment of a genuine democracy in Great Britain is clear: The party relies almost exclusively on the support of the aristocracy of labor. It does not throw the emphasis on universal suffrage because that element of unskilled labor which is excluded from many British trade unions would be hostile to the Independent Labor Party. It does not madly desire the second ballot because the only hope of the Independent Labor Party to do anything in the present generation is that it may be able to hold the balance of power in Parliament, as was done for a long while by the Irish party. But the policy of advancing the cause of Labor by co-operating in Parliament first with one and then with the other of the two capitalist parties, is precisely that followed by the American Federation of Labor at the present moment in the United States—only in Great Britain it is proposed to do the compromising in Parliament rather than outside of it. No Socialist Party in the world has adopted such tactics. In this matter the English Labor Party is following absolutely along the lines of the Australian Labor Party, and

any one familiar with the Socialist principles of Australia knows that there is every possible hostility between the tactics of the Labor Party there and anything that can be truly called Socialism.

Not only are the program and tactics of the British party as far as possible from social democracy, but their goal, State Socialism, is wholly removed from genuine Socialism. There are two great measures that represent, not confessed palliatives, but the very goal of the British movement: the so-called abolition of poverty and the solution of the unemployed problem.

It cannot be denied that these State Socialist proposals would be very radical ones for any existing government, but if the British Liberal Party progresses towards capitalistic collectivism in the next ten years as it has in the last decade, it may very well be expected to adopt measures along this line. The abolition of the extreme form of poverty by some kind of public employment and the endowing of every citizen with a right to work would not be a greater undertaking than the building of the Panama canal or the taking over of the railways by a modern state. It would be perfectly possible to find employment of a kind useful to the whole state or even of a special use to the capitalist class. Such employment would mean, of course, that the unemployed would be drilled and barracked a good deal like soldiers, and that there would be a great loss of personal liberty, as in Prussia at the present time, where a large part of the unemployed are already set at work by the police.

The primary purpose for instituting such measures as these, as well as the feeding of school children, etc., would be to insure better and cheaper workmen to the employers and better soldiers to the State. They would certainly be helpful to the Socialist movement in so far as they were not accompanied by a strengthening of the police and military state. But as long as there is no powerful and genuine Socialist Democratic Party in existence, it is almost certain that the governing class will take advantage of such reforms to cut down individual liberty in the most dangerous way.

We shall close with a few quotations from Mr. Hardie's address to the American people, showing clearly where he stands. He says: "Every class in the community approves and accepts Socialism up to the point where its class interests are being served."

This is the clearest possible State Socialism. Certainly every class in the community approves and accepts State Socialism up to the point where its class interests are being served, but no class approves of Social Democracy excepting the working class, using that expression, in the larger sense of the term, including, of course, the intellectual proletariat and that part of the agricultural population which is more proletarian

than capitalist as a matter of fact. Mr. Hardie uses the word Socialism in the sense of State Socialism and nothing more.

Again he says, "Our contention has been and is that Socialism can never be fully established until the working class intelligently co-operate with the forces at work in bringing Socialism into being."

In other words, Socialism can be partly established without any activity of the working class. This again can only refer to State Socialism or the extension of the capitalistic state into the field of private industry. As Kautsky says, "such an extension of the capitalist state does not necessarily mean Socialism at all."

But these last quotations are scarcely necessary when Mr. Hardie himself says that "State Socialism is the next stage of evolution," implying that this is also the goal for which the Independent Labor Party is now struggling.

Finally, let us quote Mr. Keir Hardie's answer to the most pointed question put to him at Carnegie Hall. When asked what the British labor movement would do for India, he answered that they would "favor granting such *reasonable* reforms as were demanded by the reform party there."

Here is the rock on which the Labor Party of Great Britain is bound to be wrecked. It does not stand for the self-government of India as we stand for the self-government of the Philippines. Mr. Hardie's language, though sometimes in advance of Premier Asquith's, was in this important Carnegie Hall speech precisely that which might have been used by the Premier himself. But if India is retained as a dependency of Great Britain, without the fullest self-government, this will inevitably mean a continuation of the present special exploitation of the country by British capitalism. And it is the markets of India and Egypt that are the main objective of the envy of Germany and other continental states, and that constitute the chief motive of modern imperialism.

In a word, Mr. Hardie's timid and vacillating attitude towards India, exhibited on this and many other occasions, makes it impossible for his party to take up that thoroughgoing hostility to imperialism which is alone consistent with Social Democracy as understood in every country in the world today. In the meantime the imperialistic sentiment limits the development not only of Socialism, but of even laborism and radicalism in every class of Great Britain. As it is being allowed to go on unchecked, it will certainly lead in the near future to the most serious rebuff of all the progressive forces of that unfortunate country. We do not speak prophecy, but simply sum up the existing tendencies as shown in all recent bye-elections.

We must add a few words in reply to Mr. Keir Hardie's advice that

we in America should imitate the deplorable tactics of his so-called Socialist party. We have already shown the inconsistency of his tactics with anything resembling Socialism. Let us add only this further point, that the Socialist Party in America has already made considerable progress among the proletarian farmers and a very remarkable progress indeed among the intellectual proletariat. Certainly the majority of the voters obtained by the party in the last election were cast by these two elements.

But a labor party in America would be far more disastrous than it has been in Great Britain. All the political results of the past twenty years have shown that the American Federation of Labor is able to wield and control only a small part of its full voting strength. Let us concede that the American Federation of Labor in the last election was driven by the force of events to take precisely the position it did take, that it was forced into politics, and that neither the organization nor the rank and file of the membership were ready to take a more advanced position than they took at that time. What then were the results of this incursion into politics?

It has been conceded by all observers that the result was neither a total failure nor a great success. Whether Mr. Gompers took away a hundred thousand votes from the Republicans and delivered them to the Democrats, or whether he took away three hundred thousand and so reduced the Republican majority by six hundred thousand votes, is a question that cannot be decided on the face of the returns. But there would be scarcely a responsible observer in the country that would estimate the success of the movement at a greater figure than the latter.

The American Federation of Labor, aware of its political weakness, is in politics at the present moment solely for the purpose of *defending* the rights of labor as they existed or seemed to exist fifteen or twenty years ago. Whether justifiably or unjustifiably, it is purely a defensive movement. By its political action in the recent election probably twenty or thirty congressmen were saved for the Democratic Party that might have been lost to the Republicans. Mr. Gompers' policy did have some effect.

But if there had been a combination with the Socialists (leaving aside for the moment the losses and compromises which the Socialists would have suffered by such a transaction), what would have been the result for Labor? Possibly twenty or thirty Socialist and labor congressmen might have been elected, but even this could only have been accomplished where the Democrats and Republicans did not fuse against them. In other words, capitalist favor alone would have granted even this handful of victories. As the history of the American Congress

has shown, a small group of Congressmen is utterly powerless and insignificant in the Congress of the United States. Limited as Congress is by the President's veto, by the Supreme Court, by the Senate and by the powers of the separate States, it has an influence in our institutions only through a most vigorous set of "rules" by which minorities are reduced to insignificance. The powerlessness of a minority was shown at the time when the Populists had twenty or thirty congressmen.

On the other hand, the hostility of capitalism to the Labor movement would have been greatly increased, judicial decisions would have been more despotic and brutal and the unions would be reduced to half of their present economic power. Labor's purpose of self-defense, rather than being strengthened, would meet a crushing set-back, and the economic unions would have to wait for many years before the new political organization could show such strength as to obtain the slightest respect from the national government.

Besides the damage to the cause of Socialism and the damage to the cause of Labor that would have resulted from the formation of such a party, both movements would have suffered in common another and still more dangerous loss. At the present moment not only have the Socialists the invaluable support of other elements of the proletariat than the manual workers, but the Trade Unions have been extended the hand of friendship by several of the leading radical organizations of farmers. A Labor Party, which would necessarily resemble the British party in many respects, would antagonize all these classes, so that it might take decades to win them back to their present friendly attitude.

The Socialist and the Labor movements must ultimately grow together; but not by compromises, not by leaning together at the time of the weakness of both movements. As the Socialist Party grows and obtains a foot-hold among every element of the community except the capitalists and those whose lives are guided by the ambition of becoming capitalists or of serving them, it will find every year that it is co-operating with the Labor Unions more and more on the same broad and democratic field.

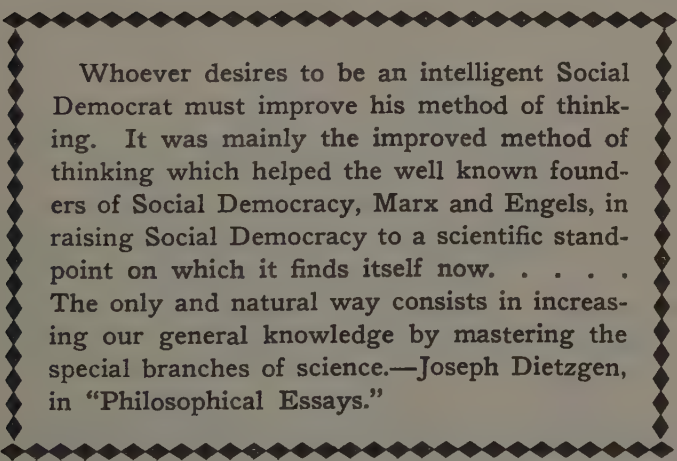
The Labor Unions, on the other hand, will feel that they must secure the aid, not so much of the Socialists, of whose friendship they are already absolutely assured, as of that large radical element in the cities and in the country which is necessary, not only for Labor's immediate defense, but for any conceivable plan of social and political reconstruction, whether taking its point of departure from the present philosophy of Labor or that of the Socialist movement.

Let Labor and Socialism both continue their development along the present lines. The time will undoubtedly come when they will find

themselves at one without the necessity of compromise on either side. But let us hope that this day will not arrive until the majority of brain workers of the country and the majority of the workingmen farmers will also have discovered that Social Democracy is their last and only hope.

America is too far advanced economically to give any hope to a political movement founded on the support of such a small proportion of the community as can be embraced in the ranks of organized and skilled labor. No class in the community is now or will be a more powerful factor for the establishment of Social Democracy than this skilled and organized body. The Labor Unions may well take the *leadership* in the movement for the establishment of a genuine Social Democracy in this or any country. But the moment they begin to *monopolize* the movement to the *partial exclusion* or *subordination* of unskilled labor, of the brain workers and of the farmer workingmen, the fate of democracy is sealed.

Let us all hope that there will never arise a British Labor Party in the United States!



Whoever desires to be an intelligent Social Democrat must improve his method of thinking. It was mainly the improved method of thinking which helped the well known founders of Social Democracy, Marx and Engels, in raising Social Democracy to a scientific standpoint on which it finds itself now. . . . The only and natural way consists in increasing our general knowledge by mastering the special branches of science.—Joseph Dietzgen, in "Philosophical Essays."

The Economic Aspects of the Negro Problem

BY J. M. ROBBINS

VII. THE WHITE MAN'S POINT OF VIEW.



IN many of the preceding chapters I have spoken at length of the material conditions, which went to make for the present negro problem. But it must not be forgotten, that in the present the negro problem is to a great extent a psychological problem, as all race problems (or rather, problems of race relations), necessarily are. I know full well, that to the enthusiastic neophyte of the doctrine of economic interpretation of history, this will appear to be a very reprehensible heresy, doubly reprehensible because it appears on the pages of the most important organ of scientific Marxism in this country. But this rigid, cast-iron conception of the great doctrine of Economic interpretation has done more than anything to get it into disrepute with serious students. The neophyte's conviction that for every social condition there must necessarily be found a coexisting economic cause, to serve as its only true explanation, stands too often in glaring contradiction to our every day experiences. Economic factors shape human destiny, but only through the medium of man's activity. That means that the economic forces work through the instrumentality of psychological conditions. The relation is not a simple mechanical one, but organic and extremely complex. It is just the interaction of present economic forces with psychologic ones which are in themselves results of economic forces of the more or less remote past, that make the study of social problems a matter of such difficulty.

Throughout my study of the negro problem I have never missed the opportunity to emphasize the importance of historical conditions in shaping the present negro problem. The preceding two chapters were devoted to a description of the material results of these historic conditions; the pages which follow will endeavor to picture the parallel psychological results.

What is the present attitude of the white man, and particularly the southern white man, towards the negro, and the negro problem? This is certainly an inquiry worth making. That is, moreover, the first question asked by any man who is thrown in contact with the South for the first time, and for the first time meets face to face with the race problem. In the following lines are summarized the results not only of a very careful study of the literature, but of many years of personal investigation and discussion, after which the writer must still proclaim himself as not converted to the southern point of view, a great many prophecies to the contrary notwithstanding.

At the very foundation of the white man's point of view, lies the deep conviction of the essential inequality of the races, of the biological supremacy of the white race over the African race, or all other races for that matter. We have shown that this faith in the lower biologic worth of the negro race has developed during the days of early slavery, and in the vast majority of the white population of the south, the conviction is just as strong now as it was in the hearts of their ancestors two hundred and fifty years ago, up to the cry of the fanatic that the negro is no human being at all, but a beast with hands and the power of speech.

In various classes and layers of society this conviction finds its manifold expressions and different proofs. The educated man falls back upon the evidence of history and biology and the theory of evolution, while the masses rely upon religion, and one might say, upon their personal ethnographic observations. "What has the negro given to civilization?" asks the college professor, or "Look at his facial angle," while the less educated briefly argues: "God himself has made him black, and therefore he is a lower creature."

You might find the latter method of reasoning logically weak. But the scientific man's argument is not more convincing. Has it been established that the facial angle measures the hierarchy of races? It is one of those scientific superstitions which have been as completely wiped out by modern anthropology as the naive faith in the value of cranial capacity as an index of individual mental ability, or the fetichism of Lombroso's physical signs of degeneration as symptoms of a criminal disposition. As great an authority of anthropological science as Professor Boaz totally denies the value of these signs for estimating the comparative worth of races.

Even a superficial analysis shows that two entirely different elements are to be discerned in the statement that the negro belongs to a lower race. One is that the level of civilization of the negro race in its natural surroundings in Africa is lower than the level of civili-

zation of the majority of the white race; and that is a fact which can in no wise be denied. The other charge is very much more serious, namely, that biologically, structurally as it were, the negro race is lower than the white race, and that it cannot ever expect to reach the sublime heights of Caucasian civilization.

The practical conclusions to be deducted from these two statements are entirely different, nay directly opposite to each other. It is a well established doctrine of anthropological and historical science that the entire progress of human civilization, at least as far back as we have any records at all, no matter how enormous this progress was, has scarcely at all effected any essential organic changes in the nervous system of the white man. All these thousands of years have not placed us, organically, any higher than the poetical talent of a Homer, or the mathematical abilities of an Archimedes, or even the artistic talent of a Phidias, or the power for abstract reasoning that a Confucius possessed. If a citizen of old Greece could have slept through these twenty-five centuries, he could have entered our life after a very brief period of schooling, and his children would have been in no way distinct from our own children.

The essential question therefore remains: What is the difference between the white and black race? The answer to this question must shape our entire point of view as to the future relations of the white and colored race. In one case the distance between the two races is hardly worth discussing; in the other it is equal to hundreds of centuries, and is practically eternal as far as human history is concerned. But the southern gentleman seldom has the patience for such a careful analysis. The negro race is a lower race, he says, and thinks to have solved the entire problem, while in reality he has scarcely scratched its surface. The more progressive and tolerant southerner somewhat tones down the statement and says: "The negro race is a child race," seemingly with the faint hope that if some time in the future this child race will grow and mature, and become even as you and I, that will not happen in our time, and therefore we need not worry about it.

To prove his point the southerner makes use of a great diversity of arguments: He points to the statistical and ethnographical investigations of the negro's racial tendencies and peculiarities by the statistician F. L. Hoffman, or at the level of civilization of the contemporary Negro in Africa, as is done by Tillinghast, or finally he draws his conclusions from the present conditions of the American Negro. "Here," says the southerner, "is the negro after having lived in a civilized community for two hundred and fifty years; as you see, he has

not yet become a civilized being, he is not yet equal to the white man." To prove his point of view, the southerner asserts that the intellectual powers of the negro are very limited, that he is not fit for scientific study, that even simple reading and writing are acquired by the negro with great difficulty, and that the higher abstract concepts of thought are altogether impossible for him. If in answer to this argument you will point at the number of prominent and able negroes whose intellectual powers cannot be questioned, he will meet this argument by stating that most of these men are not pure negroes but mulattoes, and that in any case the exceptions only prove the rule.

But if you pursue the argument further, then in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the very much irritated southern gentleman will end by making another statement, that in any case the educated negro is worse than the illiterate one, and that to educate the negro is simply to spoil him. It is true that now the southern man frequently qualifies this statement by limiting it to secondary and especially higher education; that is, he considers scientific or literary education unnecessary or even harmful, while admitting the necessity of literacy. It is well therefore to remember that in the days of slavery and immediately after emancipation this negative attitude to education extended even to the most elementary schooling and that there are still a great many men in the south who continue to think likewise—not only among the uncultured white, but even among the highest political and social circles, as for instance the recent governor of Mississippi. It is true that now a large part of the southern white population does not agree with Wardaman's point of view, and appropriates considerable sums of money for negro schools, and this is the effect of the appreciation of the higher value of educated negro labor over common unskilled labor, by the growing class of employers in the south. But the south as a whole, preserves its very critical attitude towards negro academies and colleges, usually supported by northern benefactors, and the southern wage earner even now looks askance upon the education of the negro workingman, who is growing into a dangerous competitor.

In regard to the college negro, the white south is almost unanimous; every negro college graduate, from this point of view, is but a spoiled negro; for each college graduate is imbued with personal dignity and pride to a degree quite unseemly in a negro, and he loses faith in the natural superiority of the white race.

Here one meets with one of the main inconsistencies, or rather contradictions, in the white man's point of view of the negro. On one

hand we find the positive assertion that as a lower race, the negroes are organically unfit for higher mental and scientific work; and on the other hand, a strong opposition to every effort of the negro to disprove this theory of inferiority by doing the very thing which according to southern theory he is incapable of doing. But this contradiction is instantaneously explained away, if we but remember that it is the desire of the white south that the negro remain a lower race.

Perhaps because it was found quite difficult to prove the low mental faculties of the American negro, the South has recently shown an interesting inclination to transfer the arguments of racial inferiority of the negro from the intellectual to the moral plane. But the argument from the morals, customs and habits of the negro in Africa cannot be very conclusive. This the southerner supplements with facts as to the immorality and criminality of the American negro, his lack of respect for the right of property, his inability to make a concentrated effort.

Granted, reasons the white man of the South, that the negro has made considerable progress in the intellectual field in the last two centuries and a half, he has also shown great deterioration on the moral plane. These are the results of the license of the last forty years, the effect of the poisonous idea of the equality of the white and black races. The average northerner has no conception of the low opinion the southerner has of the negro's moral nature. According to Graves and Page every negro is a potential committer of rape, and only dreams of the opportunity to assault a white woman and die. In the opinion of a southern white lady each or almost each negro woman is a thief and a prostitute.

Thus, the old time darkey is always the good desirable darkey, while the new modern negro is always a bad "nigger." This is quoted as evidence of the perfect unfitness of the negro for liberty, but in reality it is only an excellent proof that the average southerner is still longing not for the form but for the economic essence of the old ante-bellum relations between the two races.

Forty years have passed since the settlement of the great struggle; and the southerner violently denies the allegation that he longs for the re-establishment of slavery. Nevertheless the South still goes into a fury at the sight of a copy of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and continues to idealize not only the slaveowner, the relations between the slave and the slaveowner and slavery as an institution, but even the slave himself.

Here we have come to the very essence of the problem. Slavery is impossible, of course. Nevertheless, the white man of the South

wants to keep the negro in the same place where slavery has put him. It may seem at a superficial examination that only an ex-slave-owner could wish for this, and that to the great mass of white population of the South the economic and social position of the negro was not a matter of economic consequence. On more careful reflection, it will appear perfectly plain, however, that in the normal stratification of society under modern conditions, the entire white south is raised in the social scale by keeping the negro down. The crowding down of the negro into the lower stratum almost automatically raises the lower strata of the white population.

In this fact, in addition to the survival of the psychological effects of past economic relations, may be found the explanation of the sincere conviction of the white man of the south that the negro, whether ordained by the almighty, or by the law of organic evolution, is destined to be a servant, a laborer, and nothing more, that the negro is not fit for anything else, is unworthy of anything else, and that the effort of the negro to expand beyond that function must spell ruin both for him and the white man.

And if it is admitted, that the negro is a lower race, a child race, a race to which even a little self-government is harmful and dangerous, one may well imagine what solution of the negro problem becomes desirable from this point of view. For be it understood, that both the north and the south, the white as well as the colored race, desire some solution of the race problem. Here and there the solitary voice of the idealist is heard insisting that the complete solution of the negro problem is thinkable only as a complete destruction of all legal and other specific restrictions against the negro as such. But the South as a whole holds the diametrically opposite point of view. The South is convinced that the problem will vanish as soon as all agitation is stopped against the existing restrictions, or those which are awaiting the day of their introduction.

What then constitutes the solution of the negro problem in the opinion of the average southerner? A representative and intelligent white man of the South sums it up in the following two requirements: first, the total destruction of any participation of the negro in politics, and second, the increase of productivity of negro labor. Another writer, speaking for a large southern society, adds: The acknowledgment of the futility of the social inequality of the negro.

Some degree of consistency cannot be denied this solution. It is of course to be regretted, from this point of view, that the 14th and 15th amendments to the Federal constitution put certain legal difficulties in the way of an early realization of this solution. But as

long as these troublesome amendments exist they must be circumvented. The methods in Alabama, Mississippi, Virginia and other states have proven fairly satisfactory, and some time in the future, when the influence of the democratic party in politics will be come stronger, one may hope for the revocation of the troublesome amendments. While a great many southerners prefer not to open their cards, and do not often express all their plans, expressions of the necessity of revoking these two amendments are heard oftener and oftener. And if it be admitted that the intellectual level of the negroes is not rising while their moral character is deteriorating, the conclusion necessarily follows that they are unfit to govern themselves, let alone participate in the government of a white population.

Once this complete destruction of the faintest hope of the negro for participation in the nation's political life is accomplished, the negro will naturally stop to "put up his nose." Then also will vanish his tendency to seek for social equality, and the negro will sooner or later admit that he is a member of a lower race, fit only for hard unskilled manual labor and domestic service. When such patriarchal relations between a superior and inferior race are re-established, then even education will do no harm to the negro, provided of course it is the sort of education suitable for a race of servants, which will improve the quality of his work and make him a more useful negro.

Such is without any exaggeration the solution of the negro problem proposed by the vast majority of the white south. If only the north will not interfere, if only the north will let us solve this question, which is our question, the way we see fit, everything will turn out all right, says the south, without noticing or not caring how dangerously close this comes to the arguments in favor of slavery made fifty years ago. "We shall know how to solve this problem satisfactorily both for the white and the black man of the south." This assertion that the interests of the negro are also taken into consideration in the offered solution may surprise the stranger. But there is no doubt that the southerner says it quite sincerely. After presenting all the arguments that the negro is a beast, or at least a lower race intellectually and a corrupted race morally, the southern gentleman in one breath proceeds to the amazement of the northerner: "We southerners love the negro. We are the only ones who have kindly human feelings towards him. The north does not know him, and does not care for him, but fights for his rights either for the sake of abstract principles, or out of political considerations. We understand the negro and his needs, and he understands us." Here again, the southern gentleman unconsciously repeats the pro-slavery arguments

of the fifties: "Of course," proceeds the southern gentlemen, "we do not love those new fangled young negroes, wearing glasses, a silk hat and full dress, but I assure you, sir, that way down in the south we have fewer of those new niggers than you have in the north."

Surprising as is this line of argument to any one who has not become accustomed to the southern point of view, it is still more surprising that there is a grain of truth in it. The most extreme negro hater will occasionally display a kindly, almost human, feeling for some particular negro, the peaceful, meek, good negro, be it understood. But the slightest provocation is sufficient to transform this kindly feeling into one of bitter hate. One must not expect any iron-clad rules in regard to the relation of the white man to the colored man of the south. Yet the vast majority of the white population does look upon the negro problem along the lines described above. Occasionally idealists may be met with in the south, who are ready to believe that some time in the dim future the negro population will rise to a level where it will no more be dangerous to grant him political power. Such idealists, however, are very few and far between. On the other hand, there are very many pessimists who are convinced that never will the two races be able to arrive at any *modus vivendi*, and that progress of the negro race will only aggravate the situation. Most southerners may dream of the good old slavery days with a sigh of secret regret, but these pessimists are still convinced that only under a system of slavery could the two races live peacefully together, and that since the days of slavery are gone the possibility of a *modus vivendi* has passed away with them.

'The races must be separated!' is the dominating cry of the south. But in different mouths the cry has different meanings. The moderate understand by it simply a continuation of the process which has been going on for the last twenty years. According to this scheme, the white man and the negro may continue to live next to each other, in the same economic sphere, and yet remains absolutely strange to each other in everything that concerns private and public life. Perhaps the most eloquent exponent of this conviction is Professor Smith of Tulane University, New Orleans, who was bestirred by the now historic luncheon of President Roosevelt and Mr. Booker Washington, to write a big book in support of the urgent necessity of social separation of the races. Perhaps it may be inaccurate to call Professor Smith a moderate. Certainly his statements are far from being that. But they are interesting enough in their own way to deserve here more than a passing mention, for Professor Smith claims the support of the whole range of biological and social sciences in support of his

view. The essential, eternal, organic inferiority of the negro race, in Professor Smith's opinion, is a fully established fact. And the denial of social equality, no matter how unjust or cruel it may seem to be, is but an unconscious effort of the superior white race to preserve its racial purity against contamination with the inferior blood, which would inevitably drag down the efficiency of the white race and spell degeneration to the entire nation. Of course, you will immediately point at the enormous number of mulattoes, quarteroons, etc., as evidence that there was in the white man neither a conscious nor a subconscious fear against the mixture of races; but—argues Professor Smith, that is an entirely different matter. No matter how many negro women have misbehaved themselves with white men, the effect of it simply was to add a considerable amount of white blood to the negro race, and if anything, it has improved the negro race; but it has not in any way affected the purity of the white stock in the south, as long as the white women have not been defiled by the negro men, and have not given birth to mulatto children.

One would naturally be inclined to ask, what possible relation there was between Booker Washington's luncheon with the President and the problem of miscegenation. But Professor Smith is convinced that social equality inevitably leads to mixed marriages, and that marriages of negro men and white women would become very common as soon as the social barriers were let down. He therefore argues with a great deal of enthusiasm and conviction, that it is the duty of the white man to stimulate and cultivate this opposition to any vestiges of social equality, be they ever so small.

This program does not satisfy the pessimist. From his point of view, the conditions which have forced the existing close proximity of the two race were a great misfortune; and this must be corrected, or rather undone. The races must be separated, not only in cars, theatres and hotels, but much more thoroughly and permanently. It must be a true separation in a geographic sense. The negro must be forced to emigrate. This plan of the mass emigration of the negro may sound like a huge joke, but it is not offered as such, and therefore must be considered seriously. Where should the negro emigrate? That is another question, to which many different answers are given.

The idea is not quite new. Even Jefferson, a strong antagonist of the institution of slavery, but little believing in the power of the negro to advance in civilization, saw the only possible solution of the problem in the return of the negro to their own country.

And towards Africa naturally turn the eyes of those who pretend to find a complete solution of the negro problem in the emigra-

tion of the negroes from the United States. "Let us return the unfortunate negroes to the land whence we have brought them," runs the argument. "Let us return them to their natural mode of life. That will be just to them as well as to us." The formula sounds well, but it would have been more applicable in the days when a majority of the negro slaves had still come themselves from the dark continent. The only experiment in that direction, the little republic of Liberia, was founded early in the nineteenth century, and the African Colonization Society, consisting of white benefactors, did all that was in its power, to attract thither a wave of negro emigration from the United States. The failure of this enterprise, although the republic of Liberia still exists, has forced the advocates of the theory of separation to look around for other outlets. For a time the newly acquired islands in the Atlantic as well as in the Pacific seemed to be specially adapted for this purpose. Why should not the American negro migrate to Porto Rico or to the Philippine Islands, where there are so many dark races, that one more will not matter very much? Suggestions are not wanting even of the desirability of granting the negro a definite territory in the far West, where they will possess all the political and civil rights and would have no cause for complaints. From the standpoint of pure logic, these schemes do not sound altogether impossible, and they gradually gain a few adherents among the professional classes of the south, who do not derive any profits from negro, and therefore have no use for him at all.

Yet these schemes are not worth the paper they are printed on. For there is no economic basis at all for any of them. The entire industrial and landowning capital protests against such schemes, for southern capital needs the negro, such as he is. As long as the majority of the rural population of the cotton states consists of negroes, cotton culture is impossible without negro labor, and no matter how successful the experiments of attracting Italian population may be, they cannot solve the economic problem of supplying the world with the necessary cotton. Moreover the Italian, notwithstanding his superior efficiency, is by far not so desirable from the landowner's point of view, for he is not so easily and so thoroughly exploited.

The brazen egotism of the white race is the most characteristic feature of all the plans for the solution of the negro problem we have mentioned. Among the white population of the North, which has not been poisoned by the prejudice against the negro, at least not to the same degree, more genuine sympathy for the colored brother may be found. From the north has come the conviction that the level of culture of the negro must be raised, from the north has come the first

money for the organization of schools for the negro child and colleges for the negro youth, from the north came the first self-sacrificing young girls to devote their lives to the education of the negro children. Nevertheless, many new, decidedly different tendencies may be found in the north now. If Carl Schurz argued, shortly before his death, that the north must interfere in the solution of the negro problem, that the south is no more capable of solving it now than it was in the fifties and the sixties of the past century, we have on the other hand the prominent Lyman Abott claim that the negro problem is a purely local problem, that will and must be solved locally, if at all. If on one hand a man like Schurz considered the deprivation of the negro of his franchise a glaring infringement of his most sacred right, we have also Lyman Abbot proclaiming in harmony with the southerners the negro a child race, that cannot be entrusted with the right to vote. In other words, the superior attitude of the higher race is beginning to be felt in the north as well, though in a much milder degree, of course.

In a democratic country every important social problem must sooner or later find its expression in political life. The negro problem is no exception to the rule. Political, or rather partisan, considerations greatly affect the attitude of the white man towards the negro. For historical reasons, the republican party represents the traditional friend, and the democratic party the traditional enemy of the negro. For equally good historical reasons the south remains the mainstay of the democratic party. Thus we obtain the logically absurd situation that the party of liberalism and radicalism, the party of Bryan and Hearst, remains, as far as the negro problem is concerned, the party of reaction and tyranny. When Cleveland was elected in 1884, half the negro population expected the immediate restoration of slavery. And though twenty-five years have passed since, yet even now the Great Commoner does not dare to raise his voice in defense of the downtrodden race.

The blind faith of the negro in the republican party, which he knows only as the party to which he owes his liberty, is truly pathetic. Notwithstanding the many grave disappointments, that hope is still strong, and not even the Brownsville affair, and the eloquence of a Foraker, is able to break it down. The republican platform still includes paragraphs as to the rights of the negroes, a republican president still considers it his duty to distribute a few offices among the prominent negroes, but this is done out of consideration to the northern negro vote. As one southern state after another deprived the negro of his vote, the enthusiasm of the republican party has become

weaker and weaker. A new tendency has been growing in its stead. The growing complexity of American political and economic life has created many vital problems which very materially affect the pocket of the middle class. In regard to such problem as currency, or protection, or trusts and labor unions, the south cannot be as solid, politically, as a superficial inspection of its democratic vote may seem to indicate. Thus the number of people is growing in the south whom only the negro question keeps from joining the ranks of the republican party. And it did not take the republican leaders long to see that if it were not for the negro problem, the republican party might expect some success in the south. This has created the Lily White movement of some years ago. And quite recently Taft's attitude has been quite plainly conciliatory to the south.

These observations are trite enough; but the point that I wanted to make is this: it is true, of course, that the attitude towards the negro makes a democrat of the southerner, because the negro is republican; but the reverse is also true: the race relations are in their turn shaped by political partisan considerations, and the desire to gain the growing southern vote acts as a constant source of corruption of the old republican friend of the negro.

For the sake of completeness a few words might here be said of the attitude of the socialist white man to his negro brother and to the negro problem in general; but the subject is too important to permit of such superficial treatment and we postpone the consideration of this problem for the concluding chapter of the series.

The growing coolness of the republican and of the northerner in general to the negro, whom he finds a too heavy political burden to carry, naturally pleases the southerner immensely; he finds in this a striking support of his contention of the inferiority of the negro race, and a general approval of his policy. He can point to this change as evidence that race antagonism is not a specifically southern institution. And thus the mere fact of the rapid spread of a social wrong is taken to mean a strong justification of it.

Perhaps nowhere is this thought expressed more convincingly than in the very recent work on the American race problems by Mr. Alfred H. Stone, one of the most interesting books yet written on the negro question. The fact that Mr. Stone is a southern cotton planter, who has seen fit to devote nearly fifteen years of his life to the study of the negro problem, and that he treats the negro in his writing as in his private life with an exceptional degree of consideration and fairness, makes the book a valuable human document, and the vast knowledge displayed of the negro problem not only in this country but also in most countries

where the white and black race come into contact vouches for the accuracy of the facts presented. In a very crude way Mr. Stone's argument runs about as follows: It must be admitted that the negro is very unjustly treated in the south, and very often undeservedly so. It may seem wrong, but this is the fact. Moreover it is not due to the moral depravity of the southerner, for the northerner who comes to live in the south soon learns to treat the negro the same way; the northern communities treat the negro better, but only as long as they do not come very much in contact with the negroes; as soon as the negro population grows to any appreciable size, such communities become as rabidly anti-negro as the southern cities. The same attitude towards the negro is seen in the West Indies, in South Africa or anywhere where the two races come into daily contact. And Mr. Stone virtually asks us: "What are you going to do about it?" He asks it not in any spirit of arrogance, or reprehensible pride, but because he really does not know himself.

To him the problem is simply one of unavoidable organic race antagonism, which cannot be criticized, nor need be defended; it simply must be explained. No wonder then that Mr. Stone has no ready made solution of the problem up his sleeve. He should like to see the race relations improved, he is willing to support any movement in that direction which would appeal to him by its methods, but he is decidedly skeptical as to any such optimistic outcome in that direction. He is convinced that two races never lived in close proximity to each other without one race subjugating the other, and at the same time has very slim hopes for the negroes accepting this dictum of history and science. Altogether Stone cannot be very hopeful as to the outcome. But need we follow him in his pessimism? After all, even if all his statements as to the condition of the negro in all other Anglo-Saxon colonies were strictly correct, which they often are not, what would this universality of a similar negro problem prove, except that similar conditions have produced similar effects? One significant fact must be remembered and that is, that everywhere together with the social and political tyranny there were also found economic exploitation of one race by the other, and a constant desire to continue such exploitation. Is a disease universally present for that reason necessarily incurable? Is the wide extent of the anti-negro feeling any different from the universal extent of the anti-semitic feeling, say throughout the middle ages? Mr. Stone's argument is not conclusive simply because it presumes that the opportunity and desire for exploitation will never vanish from the horizon of our socio-economic life.

But the socialists know better!

(To be continued.)

How to Sell Literature

BY WILLIAM RESTELLE SHIER



ONE of the good rules is never to give away a piece of literature if you can procure payment for it. Not only will a person be more sure of reading a pamphlet for which he has had to pay than one which had been handed to him gratis, but the unconverted public ought to be made bear the cost of its own enlightenment

Though the free distribution of papers and leaflets is frequently necessary to arouse interest in our movement, it is none the less wise to charge for the same whenever it is possible to do so.

As the dissemination of literature is the most effective propaganda work that can be done, I bespeak a careful reading of the following suggestions, which cover almost every known method of selling books and pamphlets.

(1) In the first place each local ought to appoint a literature agent, one who is likely to make a good salesman, a hustler of the first water, a comrade who has read widely and who is known to be a great lover of books, and along with him a committee of like calibre to help him in his work and assist him in selecting the literature to be kept on sale. In order to make as good a selection as possible the committee ought to procure the wholesale price lists of all the Socialist publishing houses in America and Great Britain, also quotations from capitalist publishing concerns on the socialist books they have turned out.

(2) At all propaganda and business meetings the literature agent ought to be present with his books. The best place to display them is near the door, so that people passing in and out cannot help but see them. Then fully a quarter of an hour before the meeting is called to order a number of comrades ought to peddle books among the audience, some selling papers, some pamphlets, some the more expensive books. In this way Local Toronto sells more literature before the lecture than after it. Again, when announcements are in order some one, either the chairman or the speaker of the afternoon or a representative of the committee, should give a good, strong five-minute talk on the literature for sale near the door, drawing attention to some particular book or pamphlet, preferably those which deal with the subject under discussion. Then while the meeting is dispersing comrades might pass

again through the audience with literature in their hands, urging everybody to buy and sparing no effort to get people reading along socialist lines. At the business meetings some comrade ought to give a book talk with the view of encouraging party members to study the more advanced works upon the Socialist philosophy. This can best be done under the head of "the good of the movement."

(3) The Literature Committee of Local Toronto has adopted a novel and highly successful scheme for increasing the sale of literature among the unconverted. It is getting together a corps of volunteer agents who sell literature to their acquaintances during the week as well as at the propaganda meetings on Sunday afternoon. These agents procure pamphlets from the committee on credit, always carry some of them in their pocket everywhere they go, and whenever opportunity affords sell them to the fellows in the shop, to the tradesmen with whom they deal, to the boys in the trade union, and even to strangers in barber shops, on street cars and wherever one can start up a conversation about working class politics. In addition to this they call upon persons known to be interested in labor problems, such as trade unionists, single taxers, amateur reformers, temperance workers, socialist sympathizers and subscribers to socialist papers, with the view of getting them to purchase our literature. This is the kind of work which really counts. It is surprising, too, the quantity of literature which can be sold in this way. Anyone known to the committee can procure pamphlets from it on this basis, the money being turned over to it as sales are effected, while to all others the agent will sell literature at retail prices on the condition that it will be taken back and money refunded in case the books are not disposed of.

(4) In order to arouse interest in Socialist literature and thereby increase its sale the literature committee might have printed a little catalogue of its own containing a list of the principal books and pamphlets it always keeps in stock along with the price and a brief description of each, a little article on why one should study Socialism and a statement to the effect that the literature agent will try to supply any socialist book which he has not on hand whenever requested to do so. Or an equally efficacious plan would be to purchase catalogues in quantity from Charles H. Kerr & Company, the pocket library edition being especially adapted for this purpose, and give them away to each purchaser of a book.

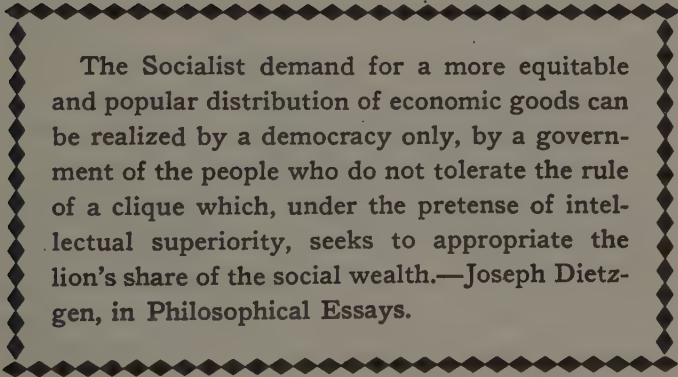
(5) On all handbills, cards, leaflets, manifestos and advertising matter issued by the Local mention ought to be made that literature can be purchased at any of the propaganda or business meetings or from the literature agent, giving his name and address.

(6) Another scheme is to get the proprietors of book stalls, news

stands, stationery shops, barber shops and cigar stores either to buy small quantities of socialist books and pamphlets at wholesale prices on condition that all unsold copies will be taken back or to handle them upon a commission basis. To make this scheme a success the retailers should be supplied with window cards announcing the literature that may be purchased from them. By each comrade tackling those retailers with whom he is acquainted on this proposition considerable literature ought to be disposed of in this way.

(7) As a big mail order business is already being done in books, locals might consider advertising their wares in papers that are likely to produce results, but only if there is someone in the party who thoroughly understands how to work the proposition; otherwise it is likely to prove a sinkhole in the hands of the inexperienced.

As no attempt has here been made to do more than throw out ideas on how to sell literature, all the suggestions, barring perhaps the last one, which is of doubtful value, will bear elaboration. The thing to do is to study out in detail those recommendations which may possibly be used to advantage in your own locality.



The Socialist demand for a more equitable and popular distribution of economic goods can be realized by a democracy only, by a government of the people who do not tolerate the rule of a clique which, under the pretense of intellectual superiority, seeks to appropriate the lion's share of the social wealth.—Joseph Dietzgen, in *Philosophical Essays*.



EDITOR'S CHAIR

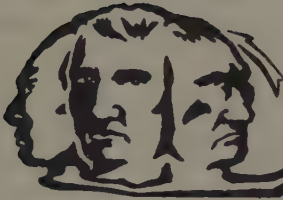
The Political Refugee Defense League. Americans have for generations been proud to say that this country was the refuge of the oppressed of the world. The claim has for the most part been a true one. Millions of the immigrants whose labor has developed the wealth of this country have been political refugees. And America has until late years been ruled by small property-holders, democratic in their ideas, who had small sympathy with old-world rulers. But a change has come. Our real rulers now are the trust magnates. Their field is the world; their interests demand a strong government wherever chattel slaves, peon slaves, serfs or wage slaves show signs of revolt. And no less positively do the interests of American workingmen demand that the revolutionary movements of these countries be strengthened; their refugees protected. To guard these interests is the work of the Political Refugee Defense League. It has waged a successful fight for the release of Christian Rudowitz, whom the Czar's agents would otherwise have carried away to torture and death in Russia. It is fighting the battle of other Russian revolutionists now under arrest in this country. But it has lately taken up another work, which is of even more vital interest to American laborers, and that is the fight for liberty of the imprisoned Mexicans. John Murray, in the leading article of this month's **Review**, tells a vivid story of horrible oppression at our very doors. The men who profit most by this oppression are the same magnates who are growing rich from the unpaid labor of American workingmen. Wage slavery and peon slavery look alike to them; either is good in proportion to the profits it brings. If they can introduce modern machinery into Mexico, and keep the present system of peon slavery, they will be enabled to depress the standard of living of American workmen, to their own greater profit. On the other hand, the success of the Liberal Party in Mexico, now kept down by force and fraud, will be a tremendous advance step for the international labor movement. The immediate purpose of the Defense League is to raise the money required to appeal the cases of the Mexican revolutionists now unlawfully imprisoned in the United States. In this aim it deserves and will have the support

of thousands who do not understand socialist economics but do believe in human liberty. Their aid in such a crisis is to be welcomed, and socialists everywhere should help the Defense League to reach new sympathizers. John Murray, the writer of the **Review** article, may be addressed at 180 Washington street, Chicago, and he will gladly send information regarding the work of the League.

State Capitalism. This we believe is a term less likely to be misunderstood than "State Socialism," of which William English Walling writes in this issue of the **Review**. By State Capitalism we mean the extension of the functions of the capitalist State to include the operation of industries formerly controlled by capitalists. The tobacco monopoly of France, the imperial liquor-shops of Russia and the State railways of Germany are typical instances of the State Capitalism of the past and present. We believe these instances will be multiplied many times over in the near future. Mr. Walling has admirably pointed out the fundamental differences between these extensions of State Capitalism and the things for which International Socialism is striving. State Capitalism is introduced by the capitalist class and for the capitalist class even though the laborers may apparently or temporarily be benefited by it. It is in most essential respects like the trusts. It makes labor more efficient; it eliminates waste; it usually improves the working conditions of the laborers immediately affected. It is in the line of evolution. Our efforts will be fruitless if we try to stop it, and they will be wholly superfluous if we try to help it on. What then should be our attitude? We are more firmly convinced than ever that Lagardelle struck the right note in his speech which we quoted on page 462 of the **Review** for December, 1908. Let the capitalists and their politicians decide for themselves without help or hindrance from us how soon their government shall take over their industries, and let us fight for the privilege of free organization into unions on the part of the wage-workers, whether employed by corporations or by the capitalist state. Meanwhile let us do what we can from day to day to make these unions revolutionary.

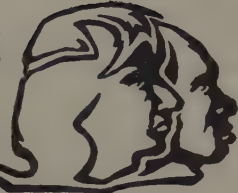
No Compromise. If the great machine industry had already been developed so that all industries were carried on by proletarians using tools belonging to capitalists, there could be no perplexity or disagreement as to the logical position of the Socialist Party. But a hybrid class lingers on the stage, made up of people who still unite the functions of labor and ownership. They work, and they own

at least part of the tools they use. Sometimes they employ a wage-worker or two. Their income comes partly from their labor, partly from their ownership of the tools. Some socialists hold that these small proprietors should not be allowed to join the Socialist Party at all. Others hold that special inducements should be held out to attract them, and that they should practically be allowed to dominate its tactics. Now their apparent, temporary, immediate interests are for lower taxes, cheaper freight rates, and various other reforms which are at least unconnected with the interests of the wage-workers and sometimes opposed to them. We believe the logical position for the Socialist Party is to welcome these men but not allow them to distort its program or tactics. If, as is the case with most of them, the main portion of their income is from their labor rather than from what they own, then our ultimate aim, the socialization of all capital, will be in full harmony with their ultimate interests. As for their real immediate interests, Marx shows in the third volume of *Capital* that they are bound up with the immediate interests of the wage-workers in an intimate fashion, little understood as yet, even among active socialists. If the wage-workers through their unions ever succeed in raising the general level of their wages without increasing the productivity of their labor, the average rate of capitalist profit will be reduced, but the sum total of the prices of all commodities will not be raised but will remain as before. The prices of particular commodities will, however, be readjusted to correspond to the reduced average rate of profit. That is to say, the products of the most expensive machinery will be cheaper, while the goods produced with simple tools will be dearer. Thus the small producers will share in the gain of the wage-workers, since they will get more for what they sell and pay less for much that they buy. Thus they can help themselves by doing what they can to strengthen organized labor. We hope later on to develop this argument more fully, for we believe that in it is a key to the difficult problem which threatens to divide our movement.



INTERNATIONAL NOTES

WILLIAM E. BOHN



ARGENTINA. A New Socialist Review. One of the most interesting publications which I have seen in a long time is the first number of the *Revista Socialista Internacional*. This journal is to be the literary organ of the socialist party of Argentina. It is published at Buenos Ayres, and the editor is Dr. E. Dell Valle Iberlucea. The first issue contains a fine array of articles, but the ones most interesting to North American socialists are those on the character of the movement in Argentina. Comrade Enrico Ferri made a trip to South America last fall. In a public address at Buenos Ayres, and now in a public article, he has formulated the results of his observations.

He holds that Argentina is not ripe for socialism. A socialist party, he holds, should be the natural product of the country in which it is formed. But the socialism of Argentina, it seems to him, was imported by immigrants from Europe. It was built on European models; its literature is made up of translations. The economic conditions are still largely agrarian. No matter how the factory system of Buenos Ayres may have been developed, there are still free lands to occupy. Society is not yet controlled by the machine. Under such circumstances Marx could not have written *Capital* and there cannot spring up an indigenous socialist party. A labor party, with certain limited demands; there can be; but that is another matter.

On the face of it this reasoning looks suspiciously abstract. And the answers written by various comrades who have

devoted their lives to the movement in Argentina confirm one's first impression. Mr. J. B. Justro, for example, declared that Professor Ferri explained his theory within five hours after he had landed—and thereafter was entertained chiefly by capitalists and government officials. He then goes on to show that the industry of Argentina is merely a part of the world system of capitalism. He shows how the conditions which obtain at present in the South American republic are exactly those described in the last chapter of *Capital*. By systematic colonization, he maintains, capitalists have succeeded in pushing their system into unoccupied territories. He tells of the means whereby the agrarian laborers are kept poor and of the constantly increasing number of men employed in transportation and the building trades. He points out the significance of the annual immigration of a quarter of million laborers. If the majority of the proletariat is not class-conscious, that, he holds, is just one more reason why socialists should organize. There is a class-struggle, and so, theory or no theory, there should be a socialist party.

* * *

ENGLAND. Labor Party Congress. The ninth annual congress of the Labor Party was held at Portsmouth January 27-9. To those of us who have been watching the development of this party during the past few years, believing in it as the heart of the English proletarian rebellion, the proceedings of this gathering are of the highest importance. There

have been heard of late numerous murmurings of discontent within the party—discontent, first of all, with the parliamentary representatives of labor. They seem to have caught what Justice refers to as "the tone of the House." One of them, Mr. Peter Curran, complained recently that he and his colleagues were expected "to hurl the mace at the Speaker's head or have a game of catch-as-catch-can with the Prime Minister." Having decided to refrain from any such exhilarating form of recreation they have developed a degree of modesty and dignity which has won them favor in quarters where revolutionists are not usually considered popular. This has naturally produced discontent among their supporters. So pronounced has this become that it has resulted in a good deal of talk about the advantages of direct action—and this in England, the home of parliamentarianism. In a recent number of *Justice* Comrade Hyndman discusses the relative merits of the two methods of warfare. The fact that such a problem has been raised in England adds importance to the deliberations of the congress.

Another thing which might well cause anxiety among Socialists is the fact that the executive committee of the party seemed to be preparing for a break with the Socialists rather than with the Liberals. Its members had co-operated with the Liberals in the support of such measures as the Licensing Bill, and the *agenda* in which it made its suggestions to the congress was decidedly anti-socialistic.

And what has been the result of the deliberations at Portsmouth? In the first place, it must be said that the members of the Labor group in the House of Commons reported on their activity and were given every mark of confidence. They themselves deprecated the slenderness of their achievements, complaining especially of the inadequacy of the Old Age Pension Bill, but made

no excuse except the obvious one that their numerical strength is small.

As to the relations between the Labor Party and the socialist movement nothing new developed. In one of the opening sessions Mr. Clynes, M. P., delivered a formal address on the subject. He spoke as chairman of the congress and evidently expressed the opinion of the majority. The upshot of his discussion was that socialism and laborism are different phases of the same movement—and that the party can have no alliance with any bourgeois organization. That this was the conviction of the majority of the delegates was proved by the acceptance of a resolution in favor of the cardinal principle of socialism. In plain words the congress declared itself "in favor of the socialization of the means of production and distribution and their democratic administration."

On the other hand, it was decided to continue the rule against permitting candidates to stand for Parliament as socialists. And when Comrades Quelch and Tillett undertook a general criticism of the party policy they were voted down by a large majority. In the main their attack was directed against coalitions between Laborites and Liberals outside of parliament. The resolution which they failed to put through read in part: "Party members are forbidden to speak in the support of any measure on the same platform with the representatives of the capitalist parties."

What, then, was the general result of the deliberations? Everything remains as it was. The Labor Party is socialistic in a general sort of way, but it refuses to be led by Social Democrats. Of course it is partially made up of Social Democrats. But it numbers now, counting the miners, about 1,500,000 members. The Social Democrats are much in the minority. More than this, they are looked upon as disrupters. So a non-socialist member may criticise as freely as he pleases, but a representative of the

Social Democratic party does so at his peril. On this account the activity of socialist leaders has counted for little.

* * *

FRANCE. Government Persecution. At last the affair of Villeneuve has been settled. It will be recalled that last summer there occurred between Villeneuve and Draveil a clash between troops and a column of Parisian workingmen marching to make a demonstration in the interest of striking miners. A number were killed and wounded and a larger number taken prisoners. Of these latter all were soon discharged but eight. It was the old story. The government could not make out a case against them. It could be proved that the troops began the trouble. But the authorities were too cowardly to admit their mistake, so the unfortunates lingered in prison. Finally the Chamber of Deputies came to the rescue by voting to liberate them. On January 9th they were welcomed back to their homes by a concourse of 6,000 comrades. This is not a mere incident: it is part of a systematic war on the French labor movement. No doubt it will be followed up as soon as opportunity offers.

Senatorial Elections. On January 3d, occurred the elections to the French senate. Of course the socialists do not believe in a second chamber, and heretofore they have given expression to their opinion by refusing to take part in elections. They finally decided, however, that by pursuing this policy they have merely lost a chance to carry on propaganda. This year, therefore, they put up candidates and took an active part in the campaign. They were much handicapped by the electoral law; only the wealthier classes have a voice in the choosing of French senators. The numerical results achieved have naturally been unimportant. The present Radical government has been fully sustained.

The National Defense. Readers of the REVIEW still have vividly in mind the

excitement recently caused in England by Comrades Quelch and Blatchford. These two socialist leaders attempted to start a movement toward the formation of a national army. Their argument was that such an army would be needed in the event of war with Germany. No doubt, however, they had always in mind the notion that the constitution of such a democratic force would throw military power into the hands of the majority. And now French socialists also are talking of a national militia; and their argument is not much different from that of their English comrades. The acceptance of socialist principles, they maintain, does not imply lack of national character or of willingness to defend national interests. It does imply an absolutely new notion of military organization. Armies have always been autocratically organized; they have always served the interests of a small ruling class. The spirit that has animated them has ever been opposed to democratic institutions. But this need not be so. An army including all the able-bodied men of the nation, in addition to insuring safety against attack from without, might be made the very citadel of democratic government. If the privates that compose it were not merely units to be ordered about, if the control were in their hands, the state would be secured against the danger of falling into the hands of a small class. This way of looking at the problem has many warm advocates in the socialist ranks. Whatever stand the party as a whole finally takes will be a matter of the gravest international importance.

* * *

RUSSIA. All-Russia Congress of Women. Although the counter-revolution is still in full force there are not wanting signs to show that Russian socialism is very much alive. We hear little of it because it is reduced to its old make-shifts. Its organizations are secret, and its literature is distributed "under

ground." But it has recently had opportunity to come out into the open. This was furnished by the All-Russian Congress of Women, held at Petersburg, December 23-30. Of course the congress was a bourgeois affair, but the socialist women sent representatives for the sake of attracting attention to their cause. The chief discussion was concerning the relative importance of sex distinction and class distinction. The majority insisted that all classes of women make common war for equality of sexes. The socialists answered that the bondage of a poor woman is different from that of her wealthy sister; and that the freedom she seeks is also different. Therefore her place is with the men of her class rather than with the women of another class. Of course this opinion was voted down, nevertheless the congress turned out to be a great success from the socialist point of view. It gave the comrades a rare opportunity to express themselves publicly and thus draw attention to their work and their principles.

The Methods of the Little Father. The past few weeks have given the whole world a flash of insight into the workings of the Russian administration. On January 22nd the Central Committee of the Revolutionary Socialist Party issued a formal statement as to the case of Asef, the famous government agent. This man was for years a leader of this wing of the Russian socialist movement. He was responsible for the deaths of Von Plehve, Grand Duke Sergius, and a number of other distinguished persons. Now it is proved conclusively that he was all the time under the direction of such bureau-

crats as Ratchkovsky. He has fled and search for him has so far been in vain.

In itself this incident is of little importance; there have been other similar revelations, and it has long been known that the Russian government makes a trade of murder and betrayal. The significance of the affair lies in its educational value. It has brought home to the world outside of Russia the fact that the government of the Czar does not hesitate at deliberate murder of its most distinguished servants. But the revelation goes farther. It shows how difficult is the conduct of the revolutionary movement. Comrade Bourtsief, editor of a Russian journal published in Paris, declares that at one time the revolutionary tribunal was in possession of the names of sixty socialist leaders who were in the pay of the government. Agents of the Czar have organized labor unions, conducted strikes, done everything possible, to retain control of the proletariat.

One feature of the matter which is peculiarly enlightening is the fact that the government spies find their field of activity chiefly in the Revolutionary Socialist Party, not in the Social Democracy. Peaceful methods of propaganda, the campaign of enlightenment, offers them no basis of operations. It is among the bomb-throwers and immediate "expropriators" that they find their followers. They are able to confound revolutionary activity and plain thuggery in the public mind. And this is one reason why a counter-revolution has been possible. Whether the revolutionists will learn a lesson from this fact remains to be seen.



WORLD OF LABOR



BY MAX S. HAYES

What threatens to develop into a fierce struggle for the mastery among the iron and steel barons and to precipitate a desperate contest in the labor world has been foreshadowed by the action of the United States Steel Corporation in declaring for a general reduction of iron and steel products in order to stimulate trade and usher in the long-expected and promised prosperity. The corporation, at the most conservative estimates, controls about 60 per cent of the iron and steel output. Heretofore the trust has been fairly successful in dictating prices—in enforcing a “closed market,” as they call it, at the price end of the line, and at the same time maintaining an “open shop” at the wage end. But during the past year some of the independents began to scab prices on the Corporation and securing business that the latter believed all its own. Consequently the honorable gents in control of the trust decide that the time has arrived to “protect their customers” and the announcement is made that an “open market” will prevail.

But no sooner is the gladsome news heralded broadcast among the trades people dependent upon the trust when it is followed by another announcement, universal in character, that “wages must come down!” Now while the United States Steel Corporation has had the advantage of running open shop and paying whatever wages the magnates thought they could spare after supplying themselves with the luxuries of which kings hardly dare dream and providing for a small army of politicians, editors,

preachers and other retainers, the most of the independent mills have been operated under agreements with the unions, and it is those rivals of the trust who are now loudest in demanding lower wages. Naturally the organized workers do not relish the idea of being forced down to the Carnegieized level. Recent investigations have shown that wages in the trust mills at Pittsburg and vicinity are at the pauper point, if not below. Foreign laborers are working for \$1.20 to \$1.30 per day and skilled mechanics are paid \$2 to \$2.50 a day. Thousands of laborers and mechanics cannot even obtain employment at these prices.

Of course, when the Corporation begins to cut and slash prices in earnest the union mills, in which higher wages prevail, will find it difficult to meet the cut-throat competition and they will probably be forced to make reductions or be crushed by the octopus. The question arises when the the wage-cutting becomes general in the iron and steel industry, how long will it be before the movement spreads to other trades? I believe that the Socialists mentioned something about this probability during the recent campaign, and many Republican and Democratic workers accused them of desiring such a condition. No matter what the Socialists wished or did not wish they had no power in the premises. The anti-socialists better blame themselves and the masters for whom they voted.

During the past month another blow

has been struck at organized labor which would indicate that the movement to mulct the treasuries of trade unions and hold individual members liable for damages sustained because of picketing and boycotting will be followed up aggressively by hostile employers. The machinists at White Plains, N. J., went on strike against a local concern and picketed the neighborhood of the establishment. The president of the company sought an injunction to prohibit picketing and also prayed for damages for alleged losses incurred because the unionists succeeded in persuading strike-breakers to cease work. Suit was brought against the local union, the district council and individual officers and members. The court not only granted the injunction requested, but also gave the plaintiff a verdict for damages to the amount of \$3,847, which sum must be paid by the machinists.

Still another case was recently decided against the plumbers at Newark, N. J. A non-union plumber sued the local union and its officers for damages, claiming that on two occasions he had lost his employment because the unionists working for the same firms had threatened to strike unless he was discharged. The court awarded the plaintiff damages in the sum of \$250.

The principle of law involved in these cases seems to have been settled by the United States Supreme Court in the Danbury hatters' case. In all probability organized labor in every section of the country will henceforth be harassed by just such legal proceedings in order that strikes may be broken and the workers intimidated and cowed into accepting burdensome conditions. Indeed there are about a dozen of these damage cases now in court in various places awaiting trial and every suit won by the employers will naturally encourage other bosses to file additional cases.

In this connection it might be mentioned that an investigation made by a labor paper of the situation that obtains

in Danbury, where most of the defendants in the big damage suit won by Loewe reside, reveals a sorry state of affairs. Scores of workers who struggled all their lives to accumulate a few dollars for the traditional rainy day or a little home for their old age find their property attached to satisfy the damages alleged to have been sustained by Loewe, and they are now despairingly awaiting the final decree of the United States court in entering judgment against them. It is a sad, hopeless condition, but capitalism is merciless in its treatment of the workers who dare to dispute its authority.

In the hubbub created by the Wright decision in the Bucks stove case a very important judicial ruling has been overlooked and which may be destined to become as famous or infamous as the Loewe decision in which the boycott was outlawed. Several months ago the Massachusetts Supreme Court handed down an opinion that members of trade unions could not be compelled to obey an order to strike issued by the organization or its representatives. A bricklayers' union in the foregoing state had called upon several members to cease work to enforce a demand, which order was disobeyed. The organization voted to fine the recalcitrant members, and the latter appealed to the courts for an injunction to restrain the union from enforcing its mandate. The case was fought up to the State Supreme Court, with the result, as stated, that that body held the organization had no right to fine members for refusing to strike. Now the Bricklayers' and Masons' International Union has decided to appeal the case to the highest court in the land for a final decision.

Everybody conversant with trade union affairs can readily understand that if the Massachusetts opinion is upheld labor organizations will receive the worst blow yet administered, for if they are robbed of the power to strike and to

discipline members who refuse to obey the will of the majority the unions might as well disband, as their position would become ludicrous and farcical in the extreme. While it is impossible to anticipate what the ruling of the United States Supreme Court will be in this momentous case, yet, judging from recent decisions handed down by that body, the outlook is anything but reassuring. The signs of the times indicate that the courts and employers' associations have determined to outlaw the strike as well as the boycott, no matter what labor may have believed were its constitutional rights and privileges. Perhaps in the long run good will come out of these hostile decisions. Labor still has the right to vote and it may transfer its fight to the political field in earnest.

The action of the United Mine Workers in endorsing the principles of socialism and voting down a proposition to form an independent labor party during their recent three weeks' convention has created a profound impression among the organized workers of the whole land, and their decision threatens to become infectious, as the California Building Trades Council, heretofore rabidly anti-socialistic, adopted a similar resolution, as did a number of city central and local unions in various parts of the country.

There is considerable conjecture as to what attitude John Mitchell, President T. L. Lewis, Congressman W. B. Wilson and other old party men on the Federation of Labor delegation will assume at the next convention, in Toronto, in November, when this question comes before the house, as it is almost certain will be the case. Mitchell will head the delegation, having received the highest vote in the recent referendum, and among his colleagues will be Frank Hayes and John Walker, who supported the Indianapolis resolution.

The miners' representatives will hard-

ly dare to sidestep the plain will of the convention when it comes to lining up at the A. F. of L. gathering. At the same time it is only fair to say that the miners' delegation, considered as a whole, has always been quite liberal. Neither Mitchell or Wilson, who are Democrats, or Lewis or Ryan, who are Republicans, have been bitterly vitriolic like some other delegates and officers whose names need not be mentioned, in the discussion in the Federation conventions.

Of course, nobody expects, now that the miners have declared in favor of the principles of socialism, that the membership will run up to the polls and vote the Socialist ticket. But the declaration will help some in an educational sense. It will encourage discussion among the rank and file, and when the latter begin to read and think along socialistic lines real progress will be made. It is a fact that whole mining communities in the Middle States are becoming socialists in sentiment, and all that is needed is a plentiful diffusion of knowledge relating to the Socialist movement and the big union will become a permanent leader in the family of labor organizations in the march toward industrial emancipation.

Just about as handsome a victory as has been gained by organized labor at any time may be chronicled in the settlement made during the past month on the Denver & Rio Grande railway by the boilermakers, machinists and kindred crafts. For upward of ten months over a thousand workers had been engaged in a struggle with the foregoing corporation, which was charged with having violated an agreement and declared for open shop. In the settlement arranged the unions are conceded every demand made as to hours and wages, as well as full recognition, and the corporation also agreed to discharge all non-unionists and re-employ every mechanic and laborer

who walked out. It develops that the D. & R. G. not only suffered heavily in financial losses in scouring the country for strike-breakers, but its properties were greatly damaged by the mobs of incompetents who tried to fill the places vacated by the unionists.

The printers have also gained a notable victory recently when, after a seven years' fight, five daily newspapers in Pittsburg signed an agreement with the International Typographical Union and will operate as closed shops in the future.

Up to this writing the United Hatters appear to have the situation well in hand in their struggle with the employers' association in their trade. The hatters have checkmated every move made by the bosses to start open shop, and if the organized workers of the country can furnish a fairly decent amount of financial support the hatters will come out victorious, as there are not sufficient competent workers outside of their ranks to make any showing at operating open shop.

The crisis in the anthracite mining districts is rapidly approaching. The miners have appointed a special committee, headed by Congressmen Wilson and Nichols, to endeavor to arrange a settlement with the coal barons and avoid a national suspension on April 1. But the outlook is not very favorable, as the operators appear to want a strike for the twofold purpose of stiffening the prices of their surplus coal and to smash the union if possible.

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LITERATURE ART



BY JOHN SPARGO

The death, recently, of Stöcker, the famous leader of the "Christian Socialist Party" in Germany, lends additional interest to Pastor Hermann Kutter's remarkable book, *They Must; or, God and the Social Democracy*, an English translation of which has just been published by our comrades of the Christian Socialist Fellowship. This is the book which Bebel has earnestly recommended for circulation among Christian people in Germany by the propagandists of the party.

It is in many ways a peculiar book, and in some senses a disappointing one. It is the work of one who is a preacher rather than a philosopher; eloquent as the old Hebrew prophets were eloquent, uttering hortatory messages that burn with an intense spiritual passion, Pastor Kutter appeals to the emotions of his readers and sweeps aside every intellectual difficulty. That the book is hortative rather than argumentative must not, however, be held to wholly discredit it. True, the Marxian Socialist who seeks in the book a philosophic discussion of such matters as the conflict of science with religion, the apparent contradictions between the materialistic conception of history and the religious concept, and numerous other matters of controversy, will be disappointed.

But, I repeat, that fact must not discredit the book, any more than the fact that a child's primer contains no learned discussion of cosmic consciousness discredits the primer. We judge the primer by its purpose, our standard of judg-

ment is the mind of the child. So, if we are just and truly critical, we shall not judge such a book as this by any other standard than that of its purpose. It is not addressed to that class of readers whose interests lie in learned philosophic discussions, but to that great body of orthodox Christians who live and govern their lives by "Faith" rather than by philosophy. It is useless to argue that this Faith ought to be challenged, perhaps even shattered; that would be a perfectly legitimate aim for any writer to pursue, but it is not Pastor Kutter's aim. He accepts the Faith as axiomatic. He is a profound believer, most orthodox of orthodox Christians. One would not be at all surprised to find that he believes implicitly in the literal inspiration of every word in the scriptures. He is addressing a public as orthodox as himself, and his theme is "What About the Social Democracy? What Attitude Ought We Who Are Sincere and Devout Christians, to Adopt Toward It?"

It is well nigh impossible for one who is not himself an orthodox Christian to gauge correctly the value of such a book. Feeling this very keenly, I loaned my copy to three orthodox Christian friends and asked their verdict upon the book. One was enthusiastic and declared it to be "the voice of a modern Isaiah or Micah," one was indifferent, while the third was contemptuous. "Words, words, only words," he said. "The writer begs every question which thoughtful men must face," and the verdict went on to enu-

merate the multitudinous points of Christian doctrine which he felt to be incompatible with the Socialist philosophy. "Is it not a fact," asked this critic, "that the idea of personal salvation through faith is explicitly denied by Socialist teaching, and by the Socialist theory itself? Pastor Kutter does not face this problem, but simply thrusts it out of the way. To embrace Socialism he is willing to sacrifice his Faith."

The verdict of these three orthodox Christians, chosen because they seemed to be typical of modern Christians, does not help us to properly evaluate the book. Reasoning about the existence of a God seems to our author worse than useless. The Bible, he says, does not argue about God, but simply presupposes His existence, and so must we. God is. Nothing could be more simple than that fact, and we must not go behind it. But even the most orthodox believer might want some rational sanction for his belief in God, and in that case the book, it would seem to an ordinary candid reader, would start very ineffectually. So, when the author deems it a sufficient answer to those of his co-religionists who object that many of the Social Democrats have denied the existence of God to say, in substance, simply, "Well, what of it? God exists. Is not that enough? Does it alter the fact that He exists to deny the fact? Or, does it cause God to exist simply to say that He does exist?" One wonders whether that sort of thing will really help many of them. And doubt upon that point implies no lack of sympathy with the author's spirit and purpose, either.

The great merit the book has, it seems to me, lies in the simple, direct and forceful insistence of the author upon the fact that the sociology of the Christian religion is much more important and vital than its theology; that the social teachings of Jesus and the older Hebrew prophets are vastly more important than the dogmas of Christendom. He shows

very clearly that the Socialist of to-day is voicing the cry for social justice, with an intensity only equalled by the prophets of Israel, and that the Church is not voicing that cry. So he comes to look upon the Social Democracy as an instrument of Divine Providence, an agency through which God is reaching his purpose. The real atheism, he thinks, is infidelity to that great social righteousness which he regards as the most vital part of Christianity, and that atheism is most rampant within the Church. The Social Democrats, on the other hand, while they may be atheists in the sense that they formally declare their disbelief in the dogmas of the Church, are the most passionate believers in the vital things, the social justice and the fraternalism which all the prophets from Moses to John of Patmos exemplified.

Doubtless there are many Christians to whom this book will come with great liberating power. Doubtless, too, there are many Christians who will be unmoved by it, and some who will be further antagonized by it. The question of its value can only be determined by asking how many Christians there are with Pastor Kutter's temperament, how large a proportion of the membership of the Christian church members of to-day is likely to be influenced by this emotional appeal. Its value as a propaganda agent will depend largely, I think, upon a very considerable amount of discretion being exercised in its circulation

One of the most remarkable contributions to the historical literature of this country which it has been my pleasure to read is George Louis Beer's newly published volume, *The Origins of the British Colonial System, 1578-1660*. Mr. Beer has set himself the task of explaining the origins, establishment, and development of the British Colonial System up to the outbreak of those disagree-

ments which culminated in the Revolution of the Colonists and the Declaration of American independence. This is, of course, not a new undertaking, for much has been written to the same end. But what makes Mr. Beer's work remarkable and distinctive is the fact that, unlike most of the historians of that period, he recognizes from the very first that the political systems and developments of the time cannot be understood apart from the prevailing economic conditions. Although the phrase itself nowhere appears in the book, Mr. Beer has in fact given us a notable example of the materialist conception of history. His method is strictly in accordance with the Marxian philosophy, and the result is a most illuminating volume, splendidly illustrative of the value of the method to the study of history.

The state, he postulates, is an organic entity, and its history is, like that of organisms in general, twofold in its nature—internal and external. The internal development finds its expression in the constitutional, economic and social systems. This growth is, in its final analysis, a succession of compromises securing temporarily the equilibrium of individual claims to freedom and the opposing interests of society to bring about the subordination of individual claims to its own larger, social claims. The external development of the state is conditioned by its environment amid other political organisms. The tremendous expansion of England in the seventeenth century Mr. Beer relates with admirable conciseness and clarity to the general currents of political evolution. He makes the colonial movement in England an episode in that lasting and vital struggle between East and West without a knowledge of which no satisfactory interpretation of the development of the English-speaking people is possible. He reviews much more in detail than has been done in any similar work the economic causes which led to the quest for

new trade routes, and, incidentally, the great epochal discoveries of Columbus and Vasco da Gama. How the opening up of the new routes meant a new world for Europe to exploit, how it shattered the prosperity of the old German and Italian cities, giving the mastery of the world to the countries of the Atlantic seaboard instead of to those of the Mediterranean, Mr. Beer relates as no other interpreter of the history of the period has done. While he does not add greatly, in this preliminary discussion, to the fund of available information, he does that tremendously valuable thing: he relates the mass of data and creates a splendid picture with its full panoramic sweep.

Although English colonization in the early seventeenth century was mainly directed to regions with an indigenous population, it did not take the form of political dominion over and exploitation of subject peoples. Rather, it took the form of the transfer of a comparatively large number of Englishmen from the mother country. This immigration and settlement of immense territories far away from the mother country was no whim but the result of economic pressure at home, a population pressing hard against the then restricted means of subsistence. Mr. Beer brings together much illuminating information upon this point, so enabling the reader to visualize the very foundation of the English-speaking world in this hemisphere.

Not only were colonies thus looked upon as additions to the nation, so to speak, extensions of territory to relieve the congestion of population, but there was also the feeling that England would not be dependent for the necessities of life upon rival nations. Especially the mercantilist notion that national safety depended upon the possession of silver and gold added to the importance with which the colonies were regarded. It is necessary to get this underlying basis of colonization well in mind if we would

understand the subsequent history of the American colonies and the attitude of the home government. The crude, traditional belief that England regarded the colonies as being under subjection to the mother country, convenient mines to be exploited, is wholly misleading. The real attitude was one of paternalism; the government was never mindless of the fact that these colonies were composed of men and women of English birth and heritage, her sons and daughters to be cared for and kept from wandering away beyond the parental roof, so to speak.

Mr. Beer gives a most remarkable account of the development of the tobacco industry, and traces with patient and scholarly hand the political and social effects of its economic importance. His citation of authorities is most careful and extensive and gives each page the impress of authority. It is understood that the author expects to continue his study to cover the whole period of American history down to the civil war, and it is to be hoped that nothing will interfere with the successful execution of the task. Such equipment and temper as Mr. Beer brings to the undertaking ought to result in a work of monumental importance. The volume under discussion is published by the Macmillan Company.

Maxim Gorky's last terrible novel, *The Spy*, seems to have completely baffled the critics. Most of them condemn the book as an outrage to good taste and an offense to good morals. Those who do not indulge in this Comstockian argument, complain that the story is too tenuous and slight, that the book is "uninteresting." With the former element we need not concern ourselves. It is true that the book is unpleasant, because it deals with a phase of life that is unpleasant. Yet, for all that, only those who are unhappily so constituted that they find offense in the

great primal facts of life, unless they are veiled, even though the veil be of gossamer thickness, could find anything objectionable in Gorky's pages. There is more indecency and coarseness in a single issue of the average "yellow" newspaper than in all of Gorky's works together.

There really is not much of a story in *The Spy*, and what there is will not prove very exciting to the reader. If the book were wholly dependent upon popular interest in the story, it would inevitably prove a failure, I think. The life depicted is so sordid and mean, lacking those magnificent qualities which made "Mother," for example, that one reads it only with some effort, when only the story claims attention. But when we get at the heart of the book, and read it in the light of Gorky's purpose, it acquires a new and absorbing interest. The book is in some sorts a treatise rather than a story. It is a wonderful account of the secret service of Russia and its sinister methods, and it might well be claimed for it, without any exaggeration, that no American can fully know that system until he has read Gorky's account of it. The treachery, the rascality, the brutality and corruption of the system, Gorky unfolds with the power of a supreme master. In the light of his terrible pages one seems to see the serpentine coil twisting around the bravest and fairest in Russian life. *The Spy* should be regarded, not as a novel, but as a great political document, descriptive of the most infamous systematized oppression in modern history. One understands after reading such a book the methods which have been employed in the prosecution of Pourcen and Rudowitz, and how great their peril is when confronted by a foe so unscrupulous. One feels that Gorky has rendered a great service to Russia and to the world by unmasking the secret service system which has ensnared so many brave men and women. The book

is published by B. W. Huebsch, New York.

On the other hand, I find it hard to understand why a man with the literary ability and opportunity of Upton Sinclair should waste both writing such a book as *The Money-Changers*. A more dismal performance it has not been my lot to encounter in a long time.

Sinclair's purpose, as I understand it, is to write a great trilogy of exposure, laying capitalist society bare in all its hideousness. The first part of the work was done in *The Metropolis*, and was about as disappointing as anything well could be. It was "yellow journalism" gone to seed. The book was devoted to an exposure of the riotous extravagance of our multimillionaires, a theme which every yellow newspaper in the land had exploited. Most of them had done it better than Sinclair. That the book fell flat was not surprising.

Now comes the second part of the indictment, and it is, if such a thing be possible, even worse than the first. With scarcely a touch of literary art to give it justification, the book is an admirable example of that parochialism of intellect which Shaw has so well satirized.

Sinclair has made the amazing discovery that some of our great captains of industry and finance do not observe the seventh commandment; that they are lustful and actually covet each other's wives! A very thinly veiled captain of finance, Dan Waterman, is held up as a terrible example of human depravity upon these grounds. That the book might cause some innocent folks to shudder, is imaginable, but surely not if they read the daily papers. For, truth to tell, the average newspaper contains "exposures" more terrible, many of them written with quite as much—or as little—literary art. Why is it that Mr. Sinclair, who aspires to the mantle of Zola, I understand, should steadily decline as an artist? With the exception of his "Manassas," he has done nothing, not even "The Jungle," equal to his early work, "King Midas," from a purely literary viewpoint. Of course, "The Jungle" was an enormous success, but that was because of the nature and magnitude of its revelations, and in spite of its lack of art. The later productions of his busy pen have been much less satisfactory. *The Money-Changers* is incomprehensibly dull and stupid.

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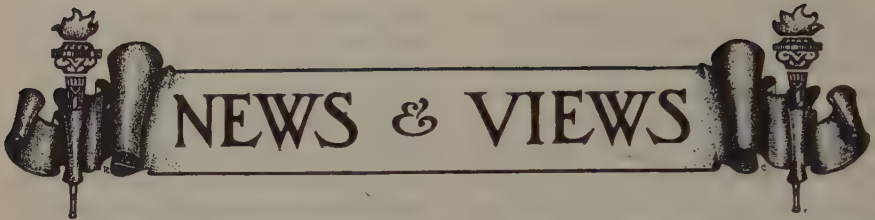
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NEWS & VIEWS

A HINT FROM MUSCATINE—The following clipping from the Muscatine Tribune, Muscatine, Iowa, explains itself: The socialists of the city are the most industrious readers of library books pertaining to political economy and political science of any patrons of the local library. They are keen readers of that class of literature and recently they have circulated a petition in the city asking the library trustees to place the Chicago Daily Socialist and the International Socialist Review on the files at the reading room of the library. This petition was signed by over one hundred citizens and the motion to grant their request passed without a single dissenting voice.

Arthur M. Lewis	3,028
J. G. Phelps-Stokes	2,945
Ernest Untermann	2,464
Carl D. Thompson	2,371
Stanley J. Clark	2,009
F. H. Wentworth	1,523
Lena M. Lewis	1,473

VOTE FOR NATIONAL SECRETARY.

J. Mahlon Barnes	10,412
O. F. Branstetter	2,059
Seth McClellan	421
J. Chant Lipes	407

Comrade Barnes, just re-elected, has proved an excellent secretary, and Comrade Branstetter, who received the next highest vote, has developed marked ability as state secretary of Oklahoma, and will be worth remembering should a new National Secretary be needed later on.

SOCIALIST PARTY ELECTION. The recent election of the Socialist Party of America resulted in the election of two new members of the National Executive Committee, Robert Hunter and John Spargo, who replace J. G. Phelps-Stokes and Carl D. Thompson. There were 13,299 votes cast, so that it will be evident from the following table that not one candidate received a majority. The first seven in the list of candidates for National Executive Committee were elected. About half the votes were scattered among 190 other candidates who were for the most part unknown outside their own states.

VOTE FOR N. E. C.

Victor L. Berger	6,274
Morris Hillquit	5,685
Robert Hunter	4,435
A. M. Simons	4,425
John Spargo	4,083
John M. Work	3,344
A. H. Floaten	3,265

A COMRADE FROM OREGON writes us sending a subscription to the Review and says: I am living alone in a 10x12 tent; two miles from Springfield, cutting cord wood at 75 cents an eight hour day. It costs me 30 cents a day, not to live, but to exist here, so I am saving money at the rate of 45 cents a day. I saved \$48.00 this last year and lost it in Chicago through a land company. If I had spent this money in Socialist books and educated myself in a way to enable me to fight the capitalist system, I would have no regrets, but the plutes got me. The International Socialist Review and the Socialist papers are the joy of my life. If it were not for socialism I would not care to live, for it means Hope, the bread of life to me, a wage slave who understands his class conditions. The Red Special trip was, to my mind, the best thing the American Socialist Movement ever did. But I am ashamed of

the American working man who cannot see that the door is open and he can vote himself out of the hell of wage-slavery into paradise. This is the mystery of the 20th century to me. But Capital will compel him to awake in time. I have lived fifty years in this world and I am twelve dollars in debt to the capitalist class to-day, but I must have the Review. I shall always support the press of the working class. I am glad the Review is doing so well. All we need is courage and in time we shall have socialism. It makes me young again to think of it. Yours for victory.

W. M. FURLONG.

KEIR HARDIE IMPEACHED—The revolutionary note sounded by The International Socialist Review in recent issues should meet with a hearty response as there is entirely too much compromise and dilly-dallying with reform in the American Socialist movement. Apparently the party press must bow to the crowd in the "right wing" in order to secure the funds necessary to stand off the sheriff and as a result we see disgusting laudations of such self-styled "socialists" as Keir Hardie, written by Jack Wood and Robert Hunter in some of our party papers. It is indeed fortunate that the "left wing" is heard from through the "Review."

In case there are any who are unaware of Keir Hardie's real position as a "socialist" the following resolution, unanimously adopted by the English-speaking branch of Local Toronto, Socialist Party of Canada, on February 3, 1909, is enlightening:

WHEREAS, One of the conditions of membership in the S. P. of Canada is a recognition of the class struggle, and

WHEREAS, The International Bureau in October, 1908, admitted the English Labor Party into the International Socialist Congress, and

WHEREAS, The English Labor Party not only fails to teach the class struggle in its propaganda but enters into al-

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

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liances with avowedly capitalist parties, and

WHEREAS, Keir Hardie, a prominent member of the said Labor Party, visited Canada in September, 1908, and without entering into communication with the S. P. of C., held public meetings in an endeavor to foster a Labor Party, not based on the class struggle, in opposition to the S. P. of C., publicly denying the existence of the class struggle and clearly doing the work, if not receiving the pay, of a capitalist henchman, be it therefore

Resolved, That the Dominion Executive Committee, S. P. of C., demand through the International Bureau an explanation of Keir Hardie's action; and be it further

Resolved, That copies of this resolution be sent to the *Western Clarion* and the *INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW* for publication.

About two years ago Keir Hardie paid his first visit to Canada in recent years, consorting chiefly with the "labor leaders" but in a few places speaking from Socialist party platforms. During that visit the writer sought an opportunity and asked Keir Hardie: "What is your position on the class struggle?" receiving the prompt reply: "There is no class struggle," followed up by a tirade against the revolutionary position adopted by the Socialist Party of Canada. The result of Hardie's first visit was to encourage the Canadian Trades Union Congress to bring into existence an Independent Labor Party. Conventions were called by the Congress in British Columbia, Alberta, Manitoba and Ontario to form Independent Labor Parties but in British Columbia and Alberta the delegates voted down the proposal and adopted instead resolutions endorsing the Socialist Party of Canada as the only working class party worthy of support. In Manitoba and Ontario Labor parties were organized with mongrel platforms containing numerous planks, advocating patchwork reforms and minus even the virtue of having the "nationalization of the land and factories" as an "ultimate aim."

The fact that the Socialist Party of

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Canada has not as yet felt itself sufficiently strong enough to affiliate with and contribute to the funds of the International Bureau does not affect the matter in the least. Keir Hardie is charged with conduct unbecoming a member of the International Bureau and the charge should be investigated.

The Socialist Party of Canada, organized nationally by British Columbia and Ontario three years ago, has been strengthened by the addition of provincial organizations in Manitoba and Alberta, besides a growing number of locals in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. Endeavoring to organize a territory about 4,000 miles long by 200 miles wide the organization has had an expensive task to perform. It now owns its own weekly paper (the *Western Clarion*, Vancouver), has three members in the British Columbia Legislature and came near electing a member to the Canadian parliament last October, polling a total of 8,500 votes in nine districts. It is steadily growing in strength and should soon become an important factor in the international movement.

While refusing to admit immediate demands into its platform or conduct its campaigns upon any issue other than the abolition of the wage system, the Socialist Party of Canada, through its elected representatives in the British Columbia legislature, has been able to force from the capitalist government an eight-hour law (from mine door to mine door) for both coal and metalliferous miners, a good, workable workmen's compensation act, a reduction in the election deposit charged candidates for the privilege of being nominated from \$200 to \$100, besides many other concessions tending to make the lot of the workers more bearable under capitalism. And it is hoped that a Universal Suffrage Act will be forced through this winter.

Canadian Socialists feel that, though working under many disadvantages, they are doing creditable work and have a

right to demand that disrupters such as Keir Hardie be called to account. They feel it their duty, also, to make his actions known as a warning to others.

We are fighting the class struggle on the political field, where all workers can be united in a contest between exploiters and exploited, and not at the factory door, where the fight is between the job holders and the job hunters. We have no quarrel with those who endeavor to organize the workers industrially so long as they refrain from endeavoring to lead the workers into the shambles of political opportunism. This Keir Hardie has done and hence this protest.

G. W. WRIGLEY.

Toronto, February 14.

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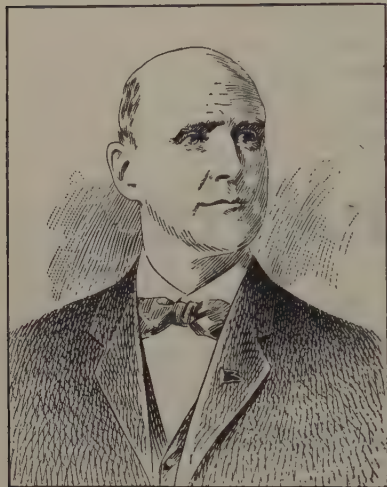
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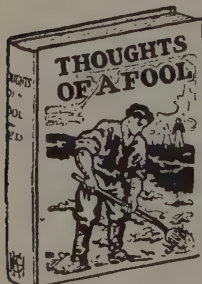
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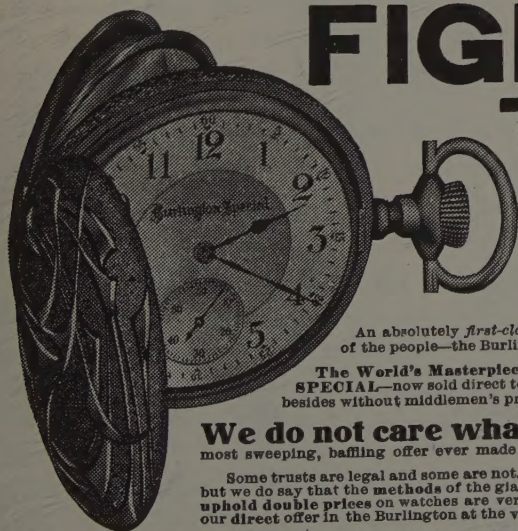
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